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John Gardner on John Fowles

The Virgin Islands: Is Paradise Lost?

Saturday Review

October 1, 1977

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THE MYSTERIOUS PLACEBO

How Mind Helps Medicine Work

by Norman Cousins

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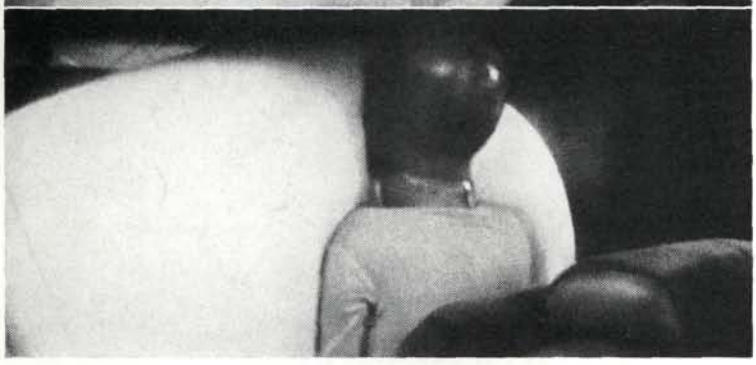

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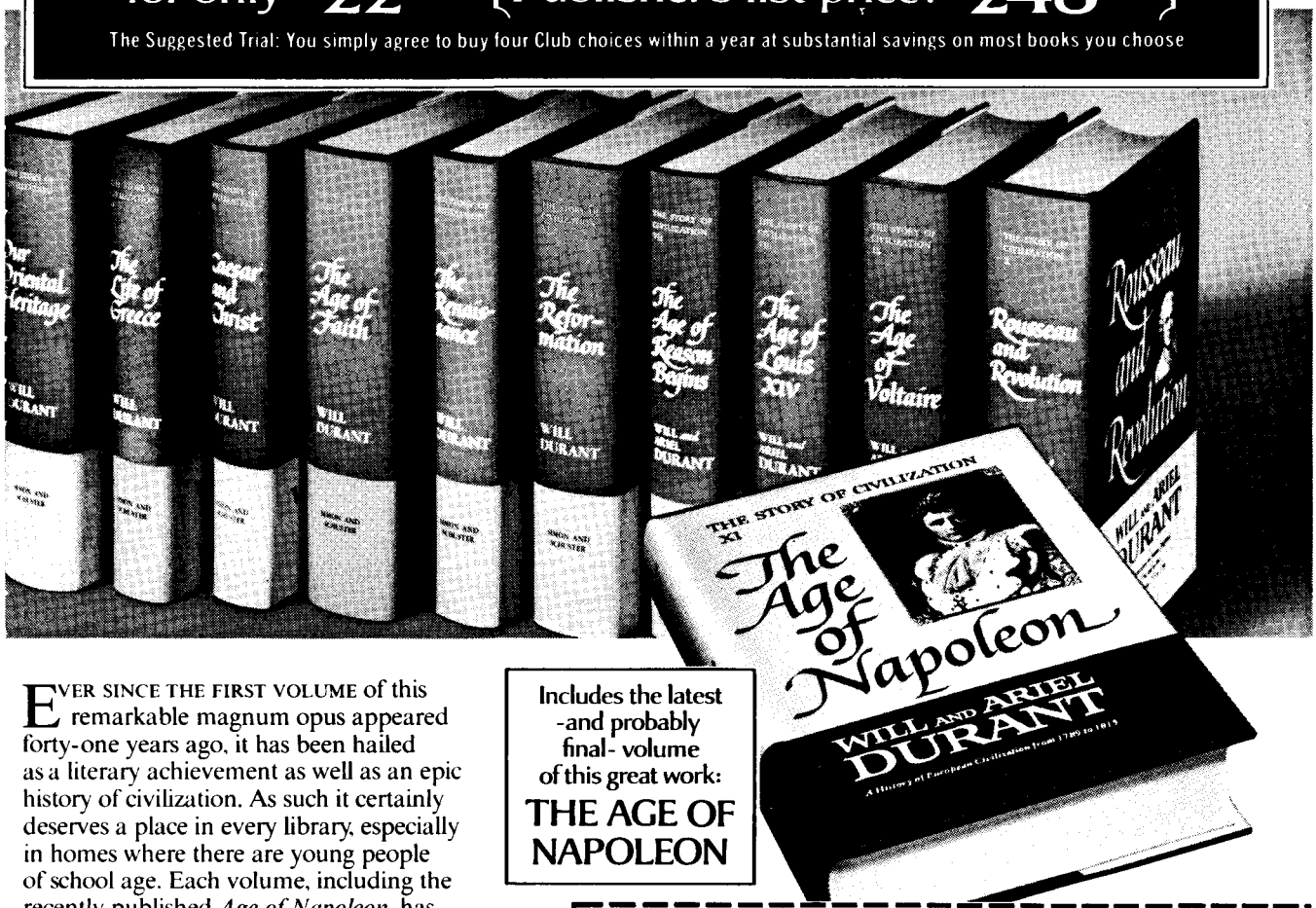

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Energy for a strong America

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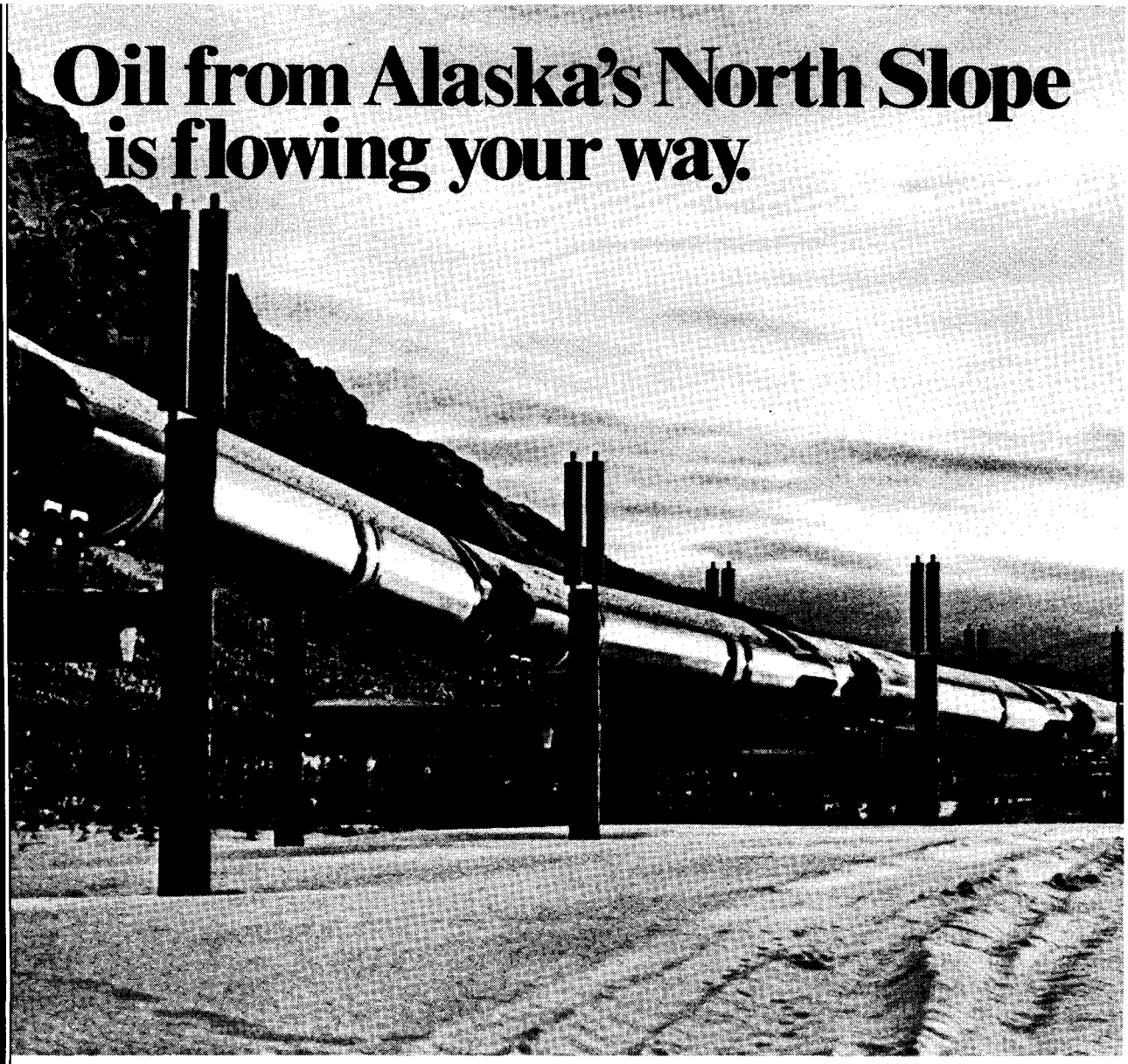

That's good energy news for America and good news for our economy too.

It's been nearly ten years since oil was discovered at Prudhoe Bay on Alaska's arctic North Slope. These have been years of planning, of environmental studies, and of solving unprecedented engineering challenges; years that have culminated in one of the world's great engineering achievements—the Trans-Alaska Pipeline. Once the go-ahead for construction was given, the work was completed on time in a little over three years.

Now, the oil found back in 1968 is flowing from Prudhoe Bay 800 miles south to the port of Valdez. Here tankers load up and carry the oil to the lower 48 states.

By next year, the pipeline is expected to be delivering some 1.2 million barrels of oil a day. That's equal to roughly 15 percent of the oil our country now has to import. It's enough to reduce payments to foreign countries by almost $6 billion a year for years to come.

Someday, other projects may contribute as much. But we have to say "someday" because developing new supplies of energy takes time, whether it's finding new sources of gas and oil, or opening new coal mines, building power plants, or installing solar energy systems.

Time—one thing along with energy itself that we can't afford to waste.

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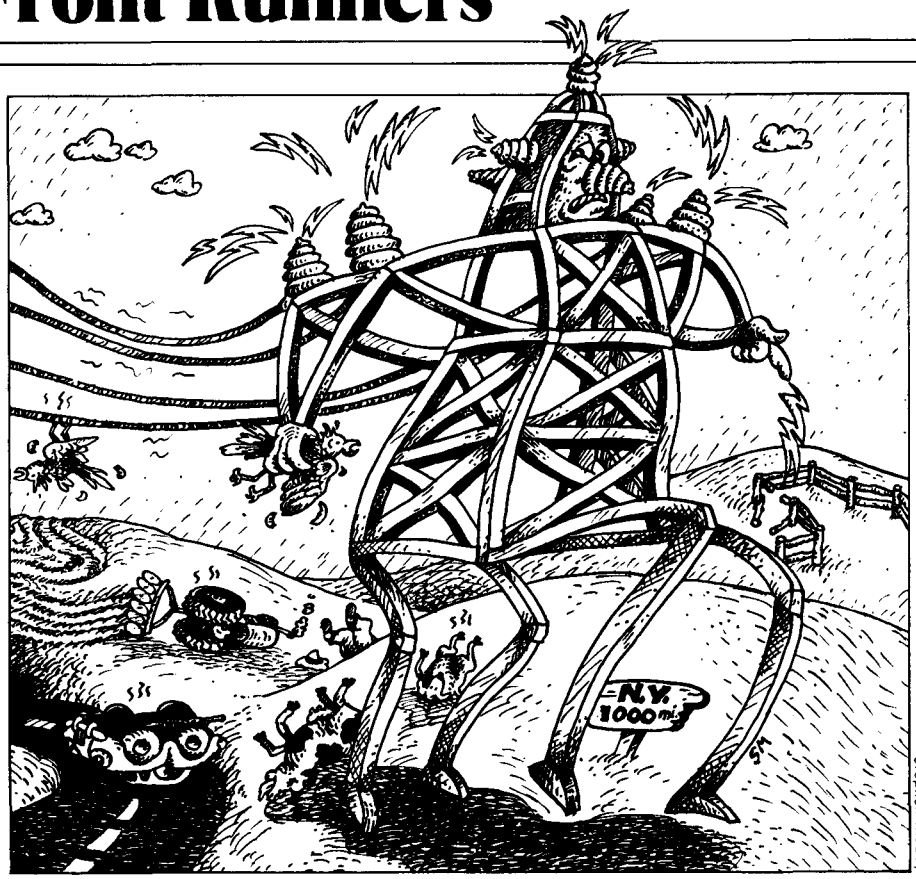
Front Runners



Stephen McCoy

Charged Feelings

A major controversy is building up fast over plans to run high-voltage lines from Canada to the New York City area. On paper, the plans sound fine: a 765,000-volt, 1,000-mile line will take cheap surplus power down from Canada to the city's environs, thus lessening the possibility of another big power blackout.

But according to various upstate New York citizens' groups, the rub is that this ultrahigh-power line poses a clear danger to human health and environmental integrity. Citing testimony from doctors at various hearings, from Environmental Protection Agency studies, and from the book *Power Over People* (Oxford), by biophysicist Louise B. Young, the protesting groups claim that the high-voltage lines—many miles of which are already in operation—cause heart and nervous system disorders, intense fatigue, and loss of fertility and sexual potency in both people and cattle. By electrically charging metal objects on the ground beneath them, these lines already have, say the protesters, delivered many nasty, even fatal, shocks to unwary persons who have picked up the objects.

In addition, say the "antis," these uninsulated power lines generate dangerous ozone and oxide gases, disrupt the functioning of heart pacemakers, and cause environmental damage throughout their 1,500- to 2,300-foot-wide, 1,000-mile-long "zone of influence." A recent newsletter of the Citizens for Safe Power Transmission reports, "The bundles of wire will sag within 48 feet of the ground. They create a pulsating electric radiation field. . . . In that field, under certain weather conditions, you can get a shock by climbing onto a tin roof . . . or getting into a parked tractor or auto."

The issue is bound to get hotter, because high-power transmission lines are proliferating across the country. Unless there is reassuring public discussion of the lines' effects on people, animals, and countryside, we may soon see protests dwarfing those mounted recently by the movement that is protesting against nuclear power plants in New Hampshire.

Carter's Culture Czar

There's more than meets the eye behind the appointment of Joseph D. Duffey as head of the National Endowment for the Humanities (NEH). Washington sources say that President Carter intends to make Duffey a sort of culture czar, with the responsibility of coordinating a dozen scattered programs of federal patronage now being run by separate agencies.

One plan under discussion is to revivify a presently moribund Federal Council of the Arts and Humanities. Originally established in 1966 in legislation that created the two National Endowments (Arts and Humanities), the council has been little more than a letterhead agency. If Duffey were made director of the council, and if a permanent staff were assigned to it, it could evolve into the nucleus of a ministry of culture—or so it is being argued.

As head of NEH, Duffey will have a solid base in an agency that allocated around $111 million in grants during the past fiscal year. With his additional hat as director of the Federal Council, the former Baptist minister is expected to become the single most powerful arts bureaucrat in Washington. For the moment, Duffey has the vital trump card: he is the personal choice of the President, who passed over a dozen other names to appoint the onetime Americans for Democratic Action national chairman.

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A New Game in Africa

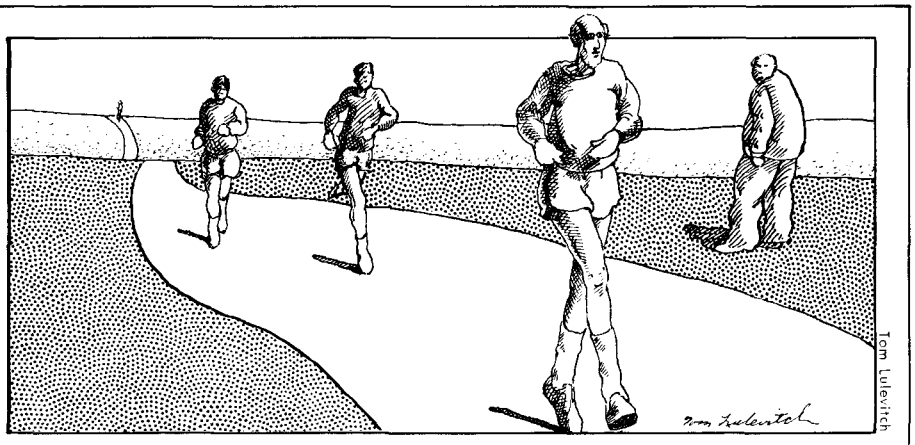
Kenya's wild animals have long suffered from excessive human affection. Some people love to shoot the beautiful beasts, just for the sport of it. Others get their kicks from wearing the skins of wild animals, as though the spots that hide a big cat in the jungle might be better used to make a woman conspicuous on Park Avenue. The more depleted the wild animal population becomes, the more cachet there is in killing one of the last survivors.

Finally, the government of Kenya, which has many of Africa's best wild animal reserves, has declared an end to the slaughter. Last May, Matthew Ogutu, Kenya's minister for tourism and wildlife, canceled all official hunting concessions and ordered that all hunting trips be converted into sight-seeing expeditions. In addition, the minister announced that all licenses for hunting guns would be revoked and that no such weapons would be allowed to enter Kenya from the outside.

The ban on big-game hunting is expected to cost Kenya some $1.2 million annually in fees for hunting licenses and in charges paid by hunters for whatever animals they shoot. On the other side of the ledger, however, the government hopes that the ban will preserve the fast-disappearing wildlife that is a major attraction in the country's $80-million-a-year tourist industry.

Front Runners Submissions

SR will pay readers $25 for any clipping or item accepted for use in "Front Runners." Sorry—no acknowledgment of receipt, no by-lines, and no return of unused submissions. Please send items to: Front Runners, Saturday Review, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10019.



Tom Lulevitch

Run for Your Life

Whatever else the jogging-running craze is accomplishing, it is sharply revising popular notions about the limits of human endurance. From the forthcoming *Complete Book of Running*, by James F. Fixx, we learn that nowadays women not only run the marathon (26-plus miles) routinely but have run it while pregnant without harm to their unborn children.

Richard Traum of New York City runs marathons, despite the fact that his right leg is artificial. Races of 50 and 100 miles are not uncommon, and Ted Corbitt, a black marathoner of the Forties, used to run *all day* while training for such grinds as the 52-mile London-to-Brighton race. Harry Cordello of San Francisco, who is blind, finishes marathons in under three hours—excellent time. And every morning before going to work as a waiter at a San Francisco hotel, Larry Lewis used to run six miles through Golden Gate Park—till he was well over a hundred years old.

Fixx's prize exhibit may well be eighty-eight-year-old Eula Weaver, of Santa Monica, California, who seven years ago had heart trouble, could walk only 100 feet at a time, and had such poor circulation that she wore gloves in summertime to keep up her body heat. Her doctor prescribed running, and today she holds Senior Olympics gold medals for the half-mile and mile.

The High Price of Prurience

When a female patient sues her male psychiatrist for having sexual relations with her under the guise of providing therapy, must the psychiatrist's malpractice insurance company pay for his legal defense?

This bizarre question is explored in a *Legal Medicine* article by Sandra Gursky. The case in point is that of Dr. Renatus Hartogs, who was sued several years ago for having—in the judge's words—"prescribed and personally administered multiple, repetitive doses of *fornicatus Hartogus*."

When he lost the case and was hit with a $150,000 judgment, Hartogs sued his professional liability insurance company "for failing to defend him during the malpractice case." In suing, Hartogs sought not only reimbursement for his trial expenses but also punitive damages for humiliation that would entitle him, as the judge put it, "to recover more than 40 times what was paid to his patient, the object of his unique 'medical advances.' "

In the end, the judge ruled against Hartogs, saying among other things that a favorable ruling on the psychiatrist's suit would "indemnify immorality and . . . pay the expenses of prurience."

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Letters from Readers

Gibes at Bribes

In his story of a man torn between complicity in a gross violation of ethics and the survival of his corporation, A. Carl Kotchian ["Lockheed's 70-Day Mission to Tokyo," July 9] asks what else he could have done. If Lockheed (a corporation once revived by the generosity, albeit unwilling, of the American people) blew all of its major European contracts and could only resort to payoffs to get the Japanese to buy their products, then we might indeed have been better off to let Lockheed go the way of most unsuccessful corporations.

What Kotchian could have done is this: he could have behaved with integrity, settled into a lower tax bracket, and lived a simple, happy life with his family.

Brenda Laurel
Westerville, Ohio

In his closing remarks, A. Carl Kotchian refers to Lockheed as an "example" and a "scapegoat" in the investigation that surfaced. It is important, however, to distinguish between the two terms. Lockheed, no doubt, is an excellent "example" of corporate conspiracies being uncovered by investigators. But the term *scapegoat* does not apply to Lockheed very well. *Scapegoat* refers to an *innocent* to whom sins, evil, bad luck, et cetera, are ceremonially attached. Kotchian would apparently have us believe that Lockheed has suffered the undue reproach usually associated with a scapegoat figure. However, it is clear from his own words that neither he *nor* Lockheed possessed, by any stretch of the imagination, the innocence traditionally ascribed to an unfortunate scapegoat.

The whole affair adds fuel to the ever increasing uneasiness that a growing number of Americans feel toward what they see happening in the establishment way of life in America. On all sides we are faced by assaults on our intelligence and on our hopes for what life should be like in a country founded on principles of freedom and high ethical standards. We are confronted with corporate payoffs, political assassinations, voter-list tamperings, break-ins, electronic surveillance of public "enemies"—the list seems endless.

When we ponder the bombardment of incongruities in our daily existence, we must ask ourselves whether these instances are actually separate and distinct flaws in our society or, rather, if they are merely manifestations of a single basic shortcoming in the American way of life. If we stop to think about the motivation behind much of what we see going on in positions of power, both financial and political, it becomes more and more obvious that underlying the shadier side of the American way is greed for even more money and more power. Individuals and agencies in these high positions have learned well what our society teaches us from childhood: personal fulfillment can be achieved only through power and riches. Ironically, even as such individuals learn that this myth is not true (as evidenced by resignations, suicides, and demotions when they are finally discovered), they themselves, and those who step into their places, still contribute to the erosion of ethical judgment in high places.

Harold Tennibrey
Chicago, Ill.

I, too, have lived and worked in Southeast Asia. There are numerous companies doing business there, legally and profitably. I won't argue that bribery and extortion don't exist, but they exist mainly because of companies like Lockheed, not because of questionable cultural patterns, as implied in A. Carl Kotchian's whitewash. The numerous legitimate American companies that make profits do so because they have far-sighted leaders who realize that once you have bribed, you can never grease enough palms.

D. E. Smith
Coraopolis, Pa.

Uncle Sam's Laundry

The authors of the four articles on foreign bribery in your annual mid-year business review ["The Payoff," July 9] all suffer from the same myopic vision: that such conduct is prevalent only in foreign countries.

Did they fail to notice that Gulf Oil laundered funds from Pittsburgh through the Bahamas and brought them back to be paid to American politicians, as similar payments were being made to U.S. congressmen by the Koreans? The Securities and Exchange Commission has indicated that it is ready to move on 50 cases of domestic illegal payments now in its files.

The point is that there is nothing inherently multinational about political or business corruption. Presenting it as a murky problem tied to complex multinational companies is provincial nonsense that serves only to obscure solutions.

So, too, is the idea that a supposedly puritanical United States is unique in its exaggerated reaction to revelations of misconduct. The French may take a *pot de vin* with equanimity, but watch the newspapers when someone puts Algerian wine in it.

Prof. Lee Seidler
New York University
New York, N.Y.

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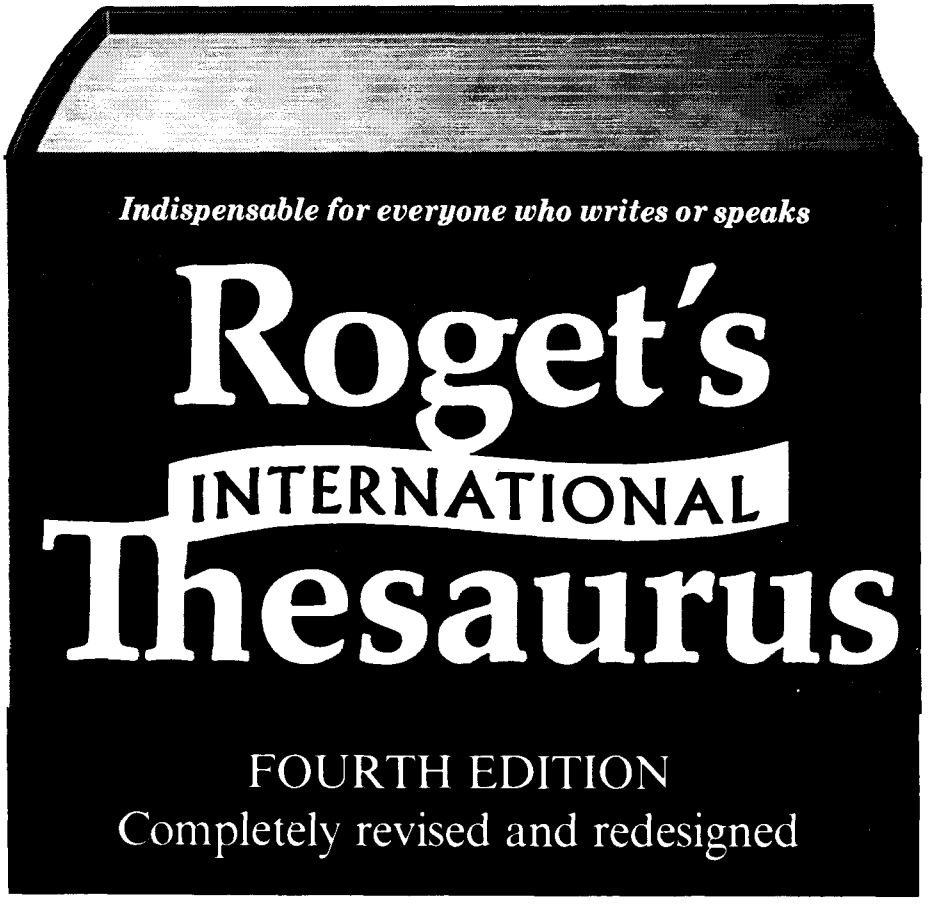

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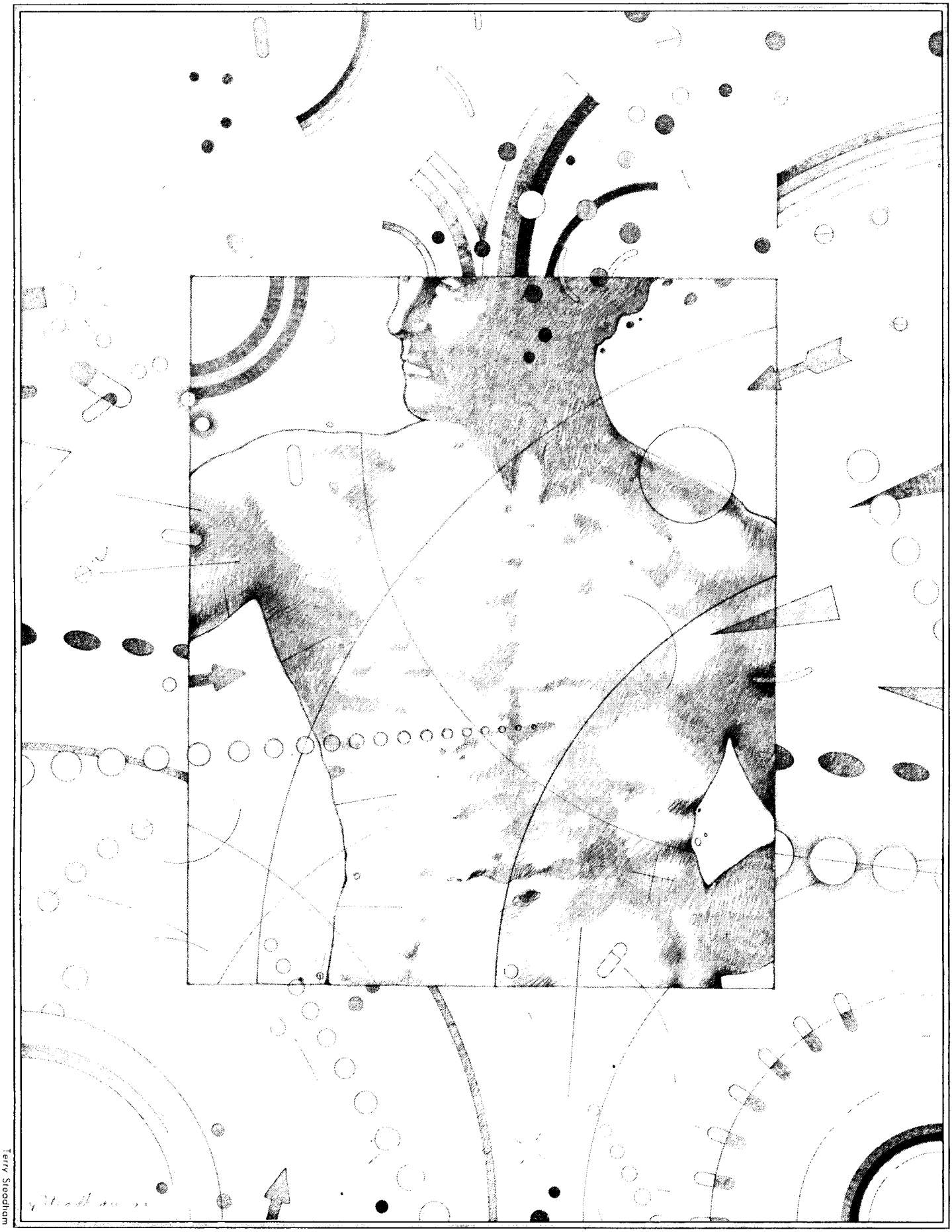

Terry Steadham

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THE MYSTERIOUS PLACEBO

How Mind Helps Medicine Work

by Norman Cousins

Over long centuries, doctors have been educated by their patients to observe the prescription ritual. Most people seem to feel their complaints are not taken seriously unless they are in possession of a little slip of paper with indecipherable but magic markings. To the patient, a prescription is a certificate of assured recovery. It is the doctor's IOU that promises good health. It is the psychological umbilical cord that provides a nourishing and continuing connection between physician and patient.

The doctor knows that it is the prescription slip itself, even more than what is written on it, that is often the vital ingredient for enabling a patient to get rid of whatever is ailing him. Drugs are not always necessary. Belief in recovery always is. And so the doctor may prescribe a placebo in cases where reassurance for the patient is far more useful than a famous-name pill three times a day.

This strange-sounding word *placebo* is pointing medical science straight in the direction of something akin to a revolution in the theory and practice of medicine. The study of the placebo is opening up vast areas of knowledge about the way the human body heals itself and about the mysterious ability of the brain to order biochemical changes that are essential for combating disease.

The word *placebo* comes from the Latin verb meaning "to please." A placebo in the classical sense, then, is an imitation medicine—generally an innocuous milk-sugar tablet dressed up like an authentic pill—given more for the purpose of placating a patient than for meeting a clearly diagnosed organic need. The placebo's most frequent use in recent years, however, has been in the testing of new drugs. Effects achieved by the preparation being tested are measured against those that follow the administration of a "dummy drug" or placebo.

For a long time, placebos were in general disrepute with a large part of the medical profession. The term, for many doctors, had connotations of quack remedies or "pseudo-medicaments." There was also a feeling that placebos were largely a shortcut for some practitioners who were unable to take the time and trouble to get at the real source of a patient's malaise.

Today, however, the once lowly placebo is receiving serious attention from medical scholars. Medical investigators such as Dr. Arthur K. Shapiro, the late Dr. Henry K. Beecher, Dr. Stewart Wolf, and Dr. Louis Lasagna have found substantial evidence showing that the placebo not only can be made to look like a powerful medication but can actually act like a medication. They regard it not just as a physician's psychological prop in the treatment of certain patients but as an authentic therapeutic agent for altering body chemistry and for helping to mobilize the body's defenses in combating disorder or disease.

While the way the placebo works inside the body is still not completely understood, some placebo researchers theorize that it activates the cerebral cortex, which in turn switches on the endocrine system in general and the adrenal glands in particular. Whatever the precise pathways through the mind and body, enough evidence already exists to indicate that placebos can be as potent as—and sometimes more potent than—the active drugs they replace.

"Placebos," Dr. Shapiro has written in the *American Journal of Psychotherapy*, "can have profound effects on organic illnesses, including incurable malignancies." One wonders whether this fact may be the key to the puzzle of those cancer sufferers who, according to documented accounts, have recovered after taking Laetrile, even though many of the nation's leading cancer research centers have been unable to find any medicinal value in this particular substance. [See box on page 11.]

It is obviously absurd to say that doctors should never prescribe pharmacologically active drugs. There are times when medication is absolutely essential. But the good doctor is always mindful of its power. No greater popular fallacy exists about medicine than that a drug is like an arrow that can be shot at a particularized target. Its actual effect is more like a shower of porcupine quills. Any drug—or food, for that matter—goes through a process in which the human system breaks it down for use by the whole.

There is almost no drug, therefore, that does not have some side effects. And the more vaunted the prescription—antibiotics, cortisone, tranquilizers, anti-hypertensive compounds, anti-inflammatory agents, muscle relaxers—the greater the problem of adverse side effects. Drugs can alter or rearrange the balances in the bloodstream. They can cause the blood to clot faster or slower. They can reduce the level of oxygen in the blood. They can prod the endocrine system, increase the flow of hydrochloric acid to the stomach, slow down or speed up the passage of blood through the heart, impair the blood-making function of the body by depressing the bone marrow, reduce or increase blood pressure, or affect

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"This strange-sounding word 'placebo' is pointing medical science straight in the direction of something akin to a revolution in the theory and practice of medicine."

the sodium-potassium exchange, which has a vital part in the body's chemical balance.

The problem posed by many drugs is that they do these things apart from the purpose intended by the physician. There is always the need, therefore, for the doctor to balance off the particularized therapy against the generalized dangers. The more powerful the drug, the more precarious his balancing act.

Complicating the doctor's dilemma about drugs is the fact that many people tend to regard drugs as though they were automobiles. Each year has to have its new models, and the more powerful the better. Too many patients feel the doctor is lacking unless a prescription calls for a new antibiotic or other miracle drug that the patient has heard about from a friend or read about in the press.

Because of the very real dangers associated with powerful new drugs, the prudent modern physician takes full advantage of his freedom of choice, specifying potent drugs when he feels they are absolutely necessary, but disregarding them, prescribing placebos or nothing at all, when they are not.

A HYPOTHETICAL illustration of how a placebo works is the case of a young businessman who visits his doctor and complains of severe headaches and abdominal pains. After listening carefully to the patient describe not only his pains but his problems, the physician decides that the businessman is suffering from a common disease of the twentieth century: stress. The fact that stress doesn't come from germs or viruses doesn't make its effects any the less serious. Apart from severe illness, it can lead to alcoholism, drug addiction, suicide, family breakdown, joblessness. In extreme form, stress can cause symptoms of "conversion hysteria"—a malaise described by Jean Charcot, Freud's teacher. The patient's worry and fears are converted into genuine physical symptoms that can be terribly painful or even crippling.

In sympathetic questioning, the doctor learns that the businessman is worried about the ill health of his pregnant wife and about newly hired young people in his office who seem to him to be angling for his job. The doctor recognizes that his first need is to reassure the patient that nothing is fundamentally wrong with his health. But he is careful not to suggest in any way that the man's pains are unreal or not to be taken seriously. Patients tend to think they have been accused of having imagined their symptoms, of malingering, if their complaint is diagnosed as being psychogenic in origin.

The doctor knows that his patient, in accordance with convention, would probably be uncomfortable without a prescription. But the doctor also knows the limitations of medication. He is reluctant to prescribe tranquilizers because of what he believes would be adverse effects in this particular case. He knows that aspirin would relieve the headaches but would also complicate the gastrointestinal problem, since even a single aspirin tablet can cause internal bleeding. He rules out digestive aids because he knows that the stomach pains are induced by emotional problems. So the doctor writes a prescription that, first of all, cannot possibly harm the patient and, secondly, might clear up his symptoms. The doctor tells the businessman that the particular prescription will do a great deal of good and that he will recover completely. Then he takes time to discuss with his patient possible ways of meeting the problems at home and at the office.

A week later the businessman telephones the doctor to report that the prescription has worked wonders. The headaches have disappeared and the abdominal pains have lessened. He is less apprehensive about his wife's condition following her visit to the obstetrician, and he seems to be getting along better at the office. How much longer should he take the medicine?

The doctor says that the prescription will probably not have to be refilled but to be sure to telephone if the symptoms recur.

The "wonder" pills, of course, were nothing more than placebos. They had no pharmacological properties. But they worked as well as they did for the businessman because they triggered his body's own ability to right itself, given reasonable conditions of freedom from stress and his complete confidence that the doctor knew what he was doing.

Studies show that up to 90 percent of patients who reach out for medical help are suffering from self-limiting disorders well within the range of the body's own healing powers. The most valuable physician—to a patient and to society—knows how to distinguish effectively between the large number of patients who can get well without heroic intervention and the much smaller number who can't. Such a physician loses no time in mobilizing all the scientific resources and facilities available when they are necessary, but he is careful not to slow up the natural recovery process of those who need his expert reassurance even more than they need his drugs. He may, for such people, prescribe a placebo—both because the patient feels more comfortable with a prescription in his hand and because the doctor knows that the placebo can actually serve a therapeutic purpose.

The placebo, then, is not so much a pill as a process. The process begins with the patient's confidence in the doctor and extends through to the full functioning of his own immunological and healing system. The process works not because of any magic in the tablet but because the human body is its own best apothecary and because the most successful prescriptions are those filled by the body itself.

Berton Roueché, one of America's most talented medical reporters, wrote an article for *The New Yorker* magazine in 1960 in which he said that the placebo derives its power from the "infinite capacity of the human mind for self-deception." This interpretation is not held by placebo scholars. They believe that the placebo is powerful not because it "fools" the body but because it translates the will to live into a physical reality. And they have been able to document

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the fact that the placebo triggers specific biochemical changes in the body. The fact that a placebo will have no physiological effect if the patient knows it is a placebo only confirms something about the capacity of the human body to transform hope into tangible and essential biochemical change.

The placebo is proof that there is no real separation between mind and body. Illness is always an interaction between both. It can begin in the mind and affect the body, or it can begin in the body and affect the mind, both of which are served by the same bloodstream. Attempts to treat most mental diseases as though they were completely free of physical causes and attempts to treat most bodily diseases as though the mind were in no way involved must be considered archaic in the light of new evidence about the way the human body functions.

PLACEBOS will not work under all circumstances. The chances of successful use are believed to be directly proportionate to the quality of a patient's relationship with a doctor. The doctor's attitude toward the patient; his ability to convince the patient that he is not being taken lightly; his success in gaining the full confidence of the patient—all

The U.S. Government and Laetrile

MEDICAL researchers are telling the truth when they report, on the basis of sustained and intensive examination, that they can identify no therapeutic properties in Laetrile that can destroy cancer.

Certain patients are telling the truth when they report having recovered from cancer after having taken Laetrile in a disciplined regimen.

How is it possible for both statements to be factual and accurate?

The answer, as in a jigsaw puzzle, consists of many pieces that have to be fitted together carefully before they make any sense. Here are some of the pieces:

1. There are many kinds of cancer, a large number of which are reversible under certain conditions.

2. The human body possesses a natural immunological system that, properly mobilized, is capable of overcoming various forms of cancer.

3. Almost all the means used by the medical profession to combat cancer—chemotherapy, radiation, and surgery among them—have had some success in arresting and even destroying cancer. Those same scientifically approved methods have also failed in a large number of cases.

Against the background of these facts, we can now begin to see how contradictory truths can emerge.

The medical researchers make their observations on controlled laboratory studies involving a substantial number of cases. Their aim is to replicate an experience; they want to be able to devise or describe an experience that, on the basis of scientific evidence, can be expected to produce a predictable result in the preponderance of cases. A cause-and-effect relationship must be identified between the use of a certain medicine and a change in the disease.

At least half a dozen studies on Laetrile have been carried out by reputable medical research organizations, among them the famed Sloan-Kettering Foundation. Each of these groups has made a systematic and conscientious effort to get at the bottom of the Laetrile mystery. All have failed to find any specific ingredient or ingredients in Laetrile that exert any reversible power on cancer.

It would be a serious mistake to assume that the research was faulty or that the groups behind the research were motivated by an anti-Laetrile bias.

Does this mean we shouldn't believe those who say they have recovered from cancer after taking Laetrile?

Certainly not. Just as it is possible to acknowledge the genuineness and the authority behind the anti-Laetrile findings of competent medical researchers, so it is possible to find cancer victims who have unsuccessfully tried all the conventional means of medical science—chemotherapy, X rays, surgery, and so on—but who have finally turned to Laetrile and have found a way out. There can be no doubt that these reversals or cures are not imaginary. They have been documented. A newly published book, *Laetrile Case Histories*, by Dr. John A. Richardson and Patricia Griffin, describes 90 cases of cancer sufferers who have recovered after comprehensive treatment in which Laetrile played a major part.

It must be emphasized at this point that success with Laetrile has not been universal. Countless thousands of patients have experienced failure in their Laetrile attempts so far.

Has Laetrile been successful in some cases because it is actually a placebo?

To the extent that some cancer afflictions are still within reach of the body's own corrective or curative forces, the ability of an individual to put those forces to work is obviously a vital factor in his possible recovery.

What about the government itself? Should the government allow the use of Laetrile even if government researchers believe it has no scientific justification?

I have no absolute answers. It is hard to accept the proposition that government and the medical profession have no obligation to tell people what they have found to be true. But I also have to put myself in the position of a cancer victim or his or her loved ones. I know I would move heaven and earth to try anything that had as much as one chance in a thousand to help me.

The government has established a connection between cigarette smoking and cancer, but it believes its responsibility in the matter is discharged by requiring the manufacturer to include a notice on the package that cigarettes may be dangerous to human health.

Why wouldn't it be logical to pursue the same principle with Laetrile? Why shouldn't government permit its sale and require the manufacturer to state on the label that scientific research has not been able to identify any properties in Laetrile that have an anti-cancer effect? This puts the decision squarely up to the patient and the doctor, which is where it belongs. —N.C.

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"Complicating the doctor's dilemma about drugs is the fact that many people tend to regard drugs as though they were automobiles. Each year has to have its new models, and the more powerful the better."

these are vital factors not just in maximizing the usefulness of a placebo but in the treatment of illness in general. In the absence of a strong relationship between doctor and patient, the use of placebos may have little point or prospect. In this sense, the doctor himself is the most powerful placebo of all.

A striking example of the doctor's role in making a placebo work can be seen in an experiment in which patients with bleeding ulcers were divided into two groups. Members of the first group were informed by the doctor that a new drug had just been developed that would undoubtably produce relief. The second group was told by nurses that a new experimental drug would be administered, but that very little was known about its effects. Seventy percent of the people in the first group received significant relief from their ulcers. Only 25 percent of the patients in the second group experienced similar benefit. Both groups had been given the identical "drug"—a placebo.

How much scientific laboratory data has been accumulated on placebo efficacy? The medical literature in the past quarter-century contains an impressive number of cases:

► The late Dr. Henry K. Beecher, noted anesthesiologist at Harvard, considered the results of 15 studies involving 1,082 patients. He discovered that across the broad spectrum of these tests, 35 percent of the patients consistently experienced "satisfactory relief" when placebos were used instead of regular medication for a wide range of medical problems, including severe postoperative wound pain, seasickness, headaches, coughs, and anxiety. Other biological processes and disorders affected by placebos, as reported by medical researchers, include rheumatoid and degenerative arthritis, blood-cell count, respiratory rates, vasomotor function, peptic ulcers, hay fever, hypertension, and spontaneous remission of warts.

► Dr. Stewart Wolf wrote that placebo effects are "neither imaginary nor necessarily suggestive in the usual sense of the word." His comments were connected to the results of a test in which a placebo induced eosinophilia—a blood condition in which specialized blood cells called eosinophils accumulate beyond their normal numbers and circulate throughout the system. Wolf also reported a test by a colleague in which a placebo reduced the amount of fat and protein in the blood.

► When a patient suffering from Parkinson's disease was given a placebo but was told he was receiving a drug, his tremors decreased markedly. After the effects of the placebo wore off, the same substance was put into his milk without his knowledge. The tremors reappeared.

► During a large study of mild mental depression, patients who had been treated with sophisticated stimulants were taken off the drugs and put on placebos. The patients showed exactly the same improvement as they had gained from the drugs. In a related study, doctors gave placebos to 133 depressed patients who had not yet received a drug. One-quarter of them responded so well to placebos that they were excluded from further testing of actual drugs.

► When a group of patients were given a placebo in place of an antihistamine, 77.4 percent reported drowsiness, which is characteristic of antihistamine drugs.

► In a study of postoperative wound pain by Beecher and Lasagna, a group of patients who had just undergone surgery were alternately given morphine and placebos. Those who took morphine immediately after surgery registered a 52 percent relief factor; those who took the placebo first, 40 percent. The placebo was 77 percent as effective as morphine. Beecher and Lasagna also discovered that the more severe the pain, the more effective the placebo.

► Eighty-eight arthritic patients were given placebos instead of aspirin or cortisone. The number of patients who benefited from the placebos was approximately the same as the number benefiting from the conventional anti-arthritic drugs. Some of the patients who had experienced no relief from the placebo tablets were given placebo injections. Sixty-four percent of those given injections reported relief and improvement. For the entire group, the benefits included not just pain relief but general improvement in eating, sleeping, elimination, and even reduction in swelling.

► A. Leslie reported that morphine addicts have been given placebos (saline injections) and have not suffered withdrawal symptoms until the injections were stopped.

► A group of medical students were invited to participate in an experiment they were told was for the purpose of testing the efficacy of a depressant and a stimulant. They were informed in detail of the effects, beneficial and adverse, that could be expected from these drugs. They were not told that both "stimulants" and "depressants" were actually placebos. More than half the students exhibited specific physiological reactions to the placebos. The pulse rate fell in 66 percent of the subjects. A decrease in arterial pressure was observed in 71 percent of the students. Adverse side effects included dizziness, abdominal distress, and watery eyes.

► Medical officials of the National Institute of Geriatrics in Bucharest, Romania, undertook a double-blind experiment to test a new drug designed to activate the endocrine system and thus enhance health and the prospects for increased longevity. A total of 150 Romanians sixty years of age, all of whom lived under approximately the same village conditions, were divided into three groups of 50 each. The first group received nothing. The second group received a placebo. The third was given regular treatment with the new drug. Year by year, all three groups were carefully observed with respect to mortality and morbidity. The statistics for the first group conformed with those for other Romanian villagers of similar age. The second group, on the placebo, showed a marked improvement in health and a measurably lower death rate than the first group. The third

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The above list of contents is by the limitation of space just a mere summation. The actual content of *Gray's Anatomy* is so massive that the table of contents in the book needs 16 entire pages with 1,932 separate category entries. And the index of this masterwork covers 41 pages with 8,541 separate listings.

Again, as Dr. Crocco states, "There have been many imitations. there have been anatomical narratives, dissection manuals and pictorial atlases with exquisite photographs. However, there is only one *Gray's Anatomy*. *Gray's* is the book all students turn to."

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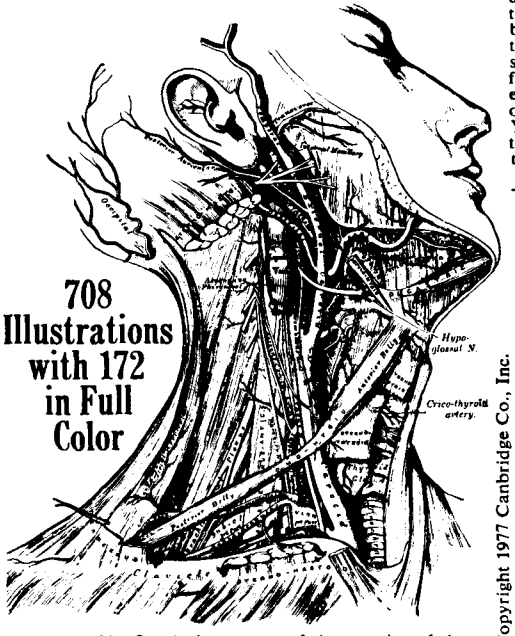

Fig. 283—Surgical anatomy of the arteries of the neck, showing the carotid and subclavian arteries.

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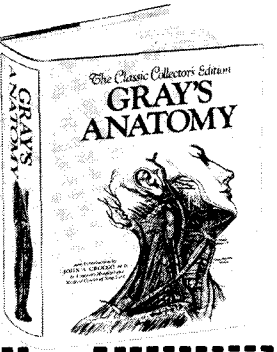

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"Knowing more about the gift of life is not merely a way of satisfying random curiosity. In the end, it is what education is all about."

group, on the drug, showed about the same improvement over the placebo group as the placebo group showed over the first.

If the placebo can do a great deal of good, it can also do a great deal of harm. The cerebral cortex stimulates negative biochemical changes just as it does positive changes. Beecher stressed as long ago as 1955 in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* that placebos can have serious toxic effects and produce physiological damage. A case in point is a study of the drug mephenesin's effect on anxiety. In some patients, it produces such adverse reactions as nausea, dizziness, and palpitation. When a placebo was substituted for mephenesin, it produced identical reactions in an identical percentage of doses. One of the patients, after taking the placebo, developed a skin rash that disappeared immediately after placebo administration was stopped. Another collapsed in anaphylactic shock when she took the placebo, and again when she took the drug. A third experienced abdominal pain and a build-up of fluid in her lips within ten minutes after taking the placebo—before she had even taken the drug.

IT WOULD be reasonable to conclude from the foregoing that the placebo effect applies to all drugs in varying degrees. Indeed, many medical scholars have believed that the history of medicine is actually the history of the placebo effect. Sir William Osler underlined the point by observing that the human species is distinguished from the lower orders by its desire to take medicine. Considering the nature of nostrums taken over the centuries, it is possible that another distinguishing feature of the species is its ability to survive medication. At various times and in various places, prescriptions have called for animal dung, powdered mummies, sawdust, lizard's blood, dried vipers, sperm from frogs, crab's eyes, weed roots, sea sponges, "unicorn horns," and lumpy substances extracted from the intestines of cud-chewing animals.

Pondering this grim array of potions and procedures, which were as medically respectable in their day as any of the vaunted medicines in use today, Dr. Shapiro has commented that "one may wonder how physicians maintained their positions of honor and respect throughout history in the face of thousands of years of prescribing useless and often dangerous medications."

The answer is that people were able to overcome these noxious prescriptions, along with the assorted malaises for which they had been prescribed, because their doctors had given them something far more valuable than the drugs: a robust belief that what they were getting was good for them. They had reached out to their doctors for help; they believed they were going to be helped—and they were.

Some people are more susceptible to placebo therapy than others. Why? It used to be assumed that there was some correlation between high suggestibility and low intelligence, and that people with low IQs were therefore apt to be better placebo subjects. This theory was exploded by Dr. H. Gold at the Cornell Conference on Therapy in 1946. The higher the intelligence, said Dr. Gold on the basis of his extended studies, the greater the potential benefit from the use of placebos.

Inevitably, the use of the placebo involves built-in contradictions. A good patient-doctor relationship is essential to the process, but what happens to that relationship when one of the partners conceals important information from the other? If the doctor tells the truth, he destroys the base on which the placebo rests. If he doesn't tell the truth, he jeopardizes a relationship built on trust.

This dilemma poses a question involving medical ethics: When is a physician justified in not being completely candid with the patient? In terminal cases, the doctor may think it unwise and even irresponsible to add desolation to pain; and so he skirts around the truth. What about drug addiction? Placebos are now being used by some doctors as a substitute for hard drugs in a systematic attempt to wean their patients away from addiction. In these cases, the patient exhibits the same response to an innocent injection of saline solution as he does to heroin or cocaine. The body's raging desire for the drug is appeased—but it doesn't pay the physiological price of the addictive poisons. Should doctors withhold such treatment because they feel it is a breach of medical ethics not to inform the patient about the true nature of the treatment?

In an even more fundamental sense, it may be asked whether it is ethical—or, what is more important, wise—for the doctor to nourish the patient's mystical belief in medication. An increasing number of doctors believe they should not encourage their patients to expect prescriptions, for they know how easy it is to deepen the patient's psychological and physiological dependence on drugs—or even on placebos, for that matter. Such an approach carries with it the risk that the patient will go across the street to another doctor; but if enough doctors break with ritual in this respect, there is hope that the patient himself will regard the prescription slip in a new light. Dr. Richard C. Cabot once wrote that "the patient has learned to expect a medicine for every symptom. He was not born with that expectation. . . . It is we physicians who are responsible for perpetuating false ideas about disease and its cure."

Another problem in medical ethics arises because many doctors believe not enough is known about the effects of the placebo on the delicate structure and functions of the body's nervous system. Should the benefits of the placebo be deferred until such time as more answers are obtained?

Certainly the medical profession is not without precedent on the use of modalities or drugs about which full knowledge is still absent. Electric shock is being used in the treatment of mental disease even though doctors don't know

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America's most famous book publisher talks about his life (fascinating), his career (phenomenal), and the people he knew (practically everybody)

Photo: Gordon Parks

James Joyce, in his eagerness to meet him, was run over by a taxi. FDR banished him from the White House Christmas card list. He went to a baseball game with Theodore Dreiser, and he talked stocks with Cardinal Spellman. Once he even threw Tallulah Bankhead out of his hotel room.

Millions knew and loved him as a warm and witty panelist on TV's *What's My Line?* But in addition he was the most successful book publisher of his time.

His name was Bennett Cerf.

As co-founder of Random House, he helped shape dozens of outstanding literary careers—publishing Truman Capote, Whittaker Chambers, James Michener, Eugene O'Neill, Ayn Rand, Dr. Seuss, William Styron, Robert Penn Warren, and many more. During his lifetime he had the opportunity to rub egos and touch tumblers with most of the greatest writers of this century: Sinclair Lewis ("extremely touchy and irritable")...and William Faulkner ("one of the most impressive men I ever met")...and Dorothy Parker ("a very dangerous woman")...and so many more.

Bennett was an incomparable (and incorrigible) raconteur, and in these informal recollections he's in top form. Anecdotes abound—some hilarious, some moving...some inspiring, some outrageous. Here's an example.

"I remember the morning after their arrival [from Paris], Gertrude Stein and Alice Toklas came to the Random House office. On the third floor of our building there was an employment agency for cooks and maids... When Alice and Gertrude walked into the elevator, the operator took one look at them and didn't ask any questions; he dumped them off on the third floor."

One of Bennett's most fascinating reminiscences concerns Joyce's *Ulysses* and the historic court case it induced. That case was deliberately provoked by Random House when they imported a copy of the notorious book—and then had to intimidate a reluctant customs agent into seizing it!

In AT RANDOM (in the words of *Publishers Weekly*, "a vital inside picture of publishing as an adventure"), Bennett destroys forever the image of publishing as an overwhelmingly genteel business conducted by stuffed shirts in tweed jackets.

"I've just been lucky all my life," said Bennett Cerf, and so he was, but he was so much more than that. Shortly after his death, the *Saturday Review* printed an obituary which closed with these words: "He set out to be a book publisher, and he became one of the best. He gave full measure to his profession. Everyone concerned with the world of books is in his debt."

"Bennett Cerf was well worth knowing. If you never knew him, you can make up for the loss by reading this book."
—GEORGE STEVENS, *Saturday Review*

"A breezy and vastly amusing memoir... Writers by the score flocked and clung to Cerf instinctively, sensing correctly that they had found in him that rare creature, a publisher who was not only sympathetic to authors but found it in his heart to like them as well."
—GERALD CLARKE, *Time*

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exactly what happens inside the brain when it is jolted by high voltage. The most widely used drug in the world is aspirin, yet why it reduces inflammation is a mystery.

True, not everything is known about the placebo. But enough is known to put its continued study high on the medical and human agenda. Knowing more about the gift of life is not merely a way of satisfying random curiosity. In the end, it is what education is all about.

The most prevalent—and, for all we know, most serious—health problem of our time is stress. The war against microbes has been largely won, but the struggle for equanimity is being lost. It is not just the congestion outside us—a congestion of people and ideas and issues—but our inner congestion that is hurting us. Our experiences come at us in such profusion and from so many different directions that they are never really sorted out, much less absorbed. The result is clutter and confusion. We gorge the senses and starve the sensitivities.

"Your health is bound to be affected," Boris Pasternak wrote in *Dr. Zhivago*, "if, day after day, you say the opposite of what you feel, if you grovel before what you dislike and rejoice at what brings you nothing but misfortune. Our nervous system isn't just a fiction; it's a part of our physical body, and our soul exists in space, and is inside us, like the teeth in our mouth. It can't be forever violated with impunity. I found it painful to listen to you, Innokentii, when you told us how you were re-educated and became mature in jail. It was like listening to a horse describing how it broke itself in."

It is doubtful whether the placebo—or any drug for that matter—would get very far without a patient's robust will to live. For the will to live is a window on the future. It opens the individual to such help as the outside world has to offer, and it connects that help to the body's own capability for fighting disease. It enables the human body to make the most of itself. The placebo has a role to play in transforming the will to live from a poetical conception to a physical reality and a governing force.

In the end, the greatest value of the placebo is what it can tell us about life. Like a celestial chaperon, the placebo leads us through the uncharted passageways of mind and gives us a greater sense of infinity than if we were to spend all our days with our eyes hypnotically glued to the giant telescope at Mt. Palomar. What we see ultimately is that the placebo isn't really necessary and that the mind can carry out its difficult and wondrous missions unprompted by little pills. The placebo is only a tangible object made essential in an age that feels uncomfortable with intangibles, an age that prefers to think that every inner effect must have an outer cause. Since it has size and shape and can be hand-held, the placebo satisfies the contemporary craving for visible mechanisms and visible answers. But the placebo dissolves on scrutiny, telling us that it cannot relieve us of the need to think deeply about ourselves.

The placebo, then, is an emissary between the will to live and the body. But the emissary is expendable. If we can liberate ourselves from tangibles, we can connect hope and the will to live directly to the ability of the body to meet great threats and challenges. The mind can carry out its ultimate functions and powers over the body without the illusion of material intervention. "The mind," said John Milton, "is its own place, and in itself can make a heaven of hell, and a hell of heaven."

Science is concocting exotic terms like *biofeedback* to describe the control by the mind over the autonomic nervous system. But labels are unimportant; what is important is the knowledge that human beings are not locked into fixed limitations. The quest for perfectibility is not a presumption or a blasphemy but the highest manifestation of a great design.

Some twenty years ago, I had an opportunity to observe African witch doctor medicine at first hand in the Gabon jungle country. At the dinner table of the Schweitzer Hospital at Lambarene, I had ventured the remark that the local people were lucky to have access to the Schweitzer clinic instead of having to depend on witch doctor supernaturalism. Dr. Schweitzer asked me how much I knew about witch doctors. I was trapped by my ignorance—and we both knew it. The next day *le Grand Docteur* took me to a nearby jungle clearing where he introduced me to "*un de mes collègues*," an elderly witch doctor. After a respectful exchange of greetings, Dr. Schweitzer suggested that his American friend be allowed to observe African medicine.

For the next two hours, we stood off to one side and watched the witch doctor at work. With some patients, the witch doctor merely put herbs in a brown paper bag and instructed the ill person in their use. With other patients, he gave no herbs but filled the air with incantations. A third category of patients he merely spoke to in a subdued voice and pointed to Dr. Schweitzer.

On our way back to the clinic, Dr. Schweitzer explained what had happened. The people who had assorted complaints that the witch doctor was able to diagnose readily were given special herbs to make into brews. Dr. Schweitzer guessed that most of them would improve very rapidly since they had only functional, rather than organic, disturbances. The second group had psychogenic ailments that were being treated with African psychotherapy. The third group had more substantial physical problems, such as massive hernias or extrauterine pregnancies or dislocated shoulders or tumorous conditions. Many of these problems required surgery, and the witch doctor was redirecting the patients to Dr. Schweitzer himself.

"Some of my steadiest customers are referred to me by witch doctors," Dr. Schweitzer said with only the slightest trace of a smile. "Don't expect me to be too critical of them."

When I asked Dr. Schweitzer how he accounted for the fact that anyone could possibly expect to become well after having been treated by a witch doctor, he said that I was asking him to divulge a secret that doctors have carried around inside them ever since Hippocrates.

"But I'll tell you anyway," he said, his face still illuminated by that half-smile. "The witch doctor succeeds for the same reason all the rest of us succeed. Each patient carries his own doctor inside him. They come to us not knowing that truth. We are at our best when we give the doctor who resides within each patient a chance to go to work."

The placebo is the doctor who resides within. ◉

The author wishes to acknowledge the invaluable editorial and research assistance of Susan Schiefelbein, associate editor of SR.

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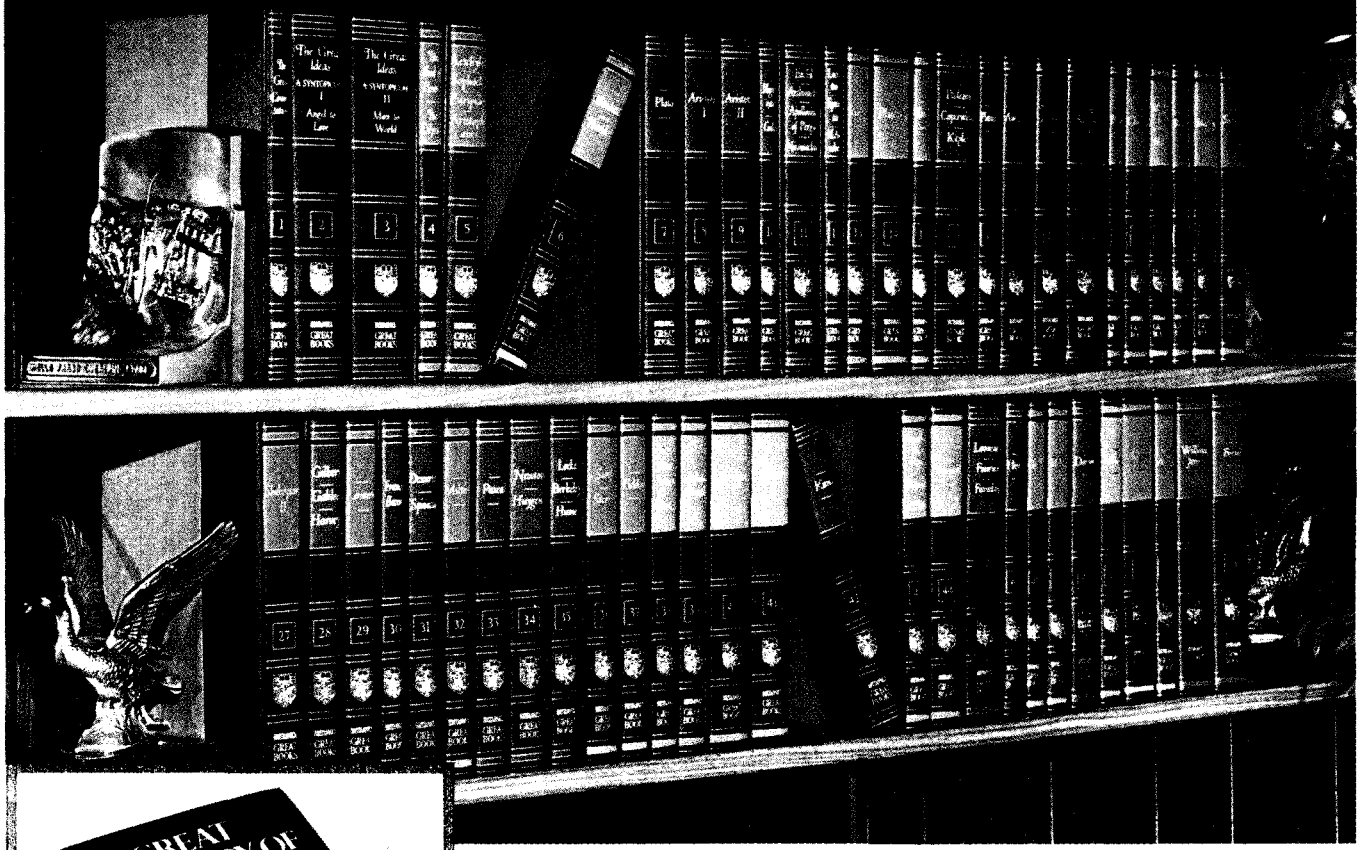

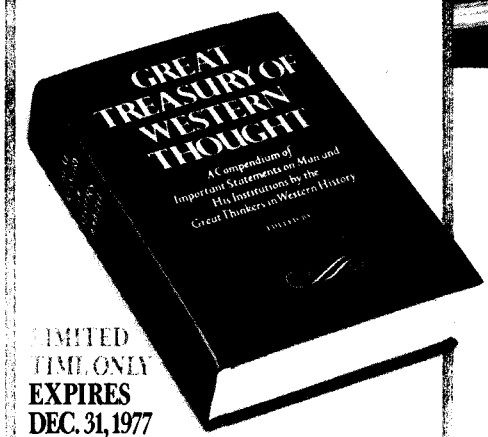
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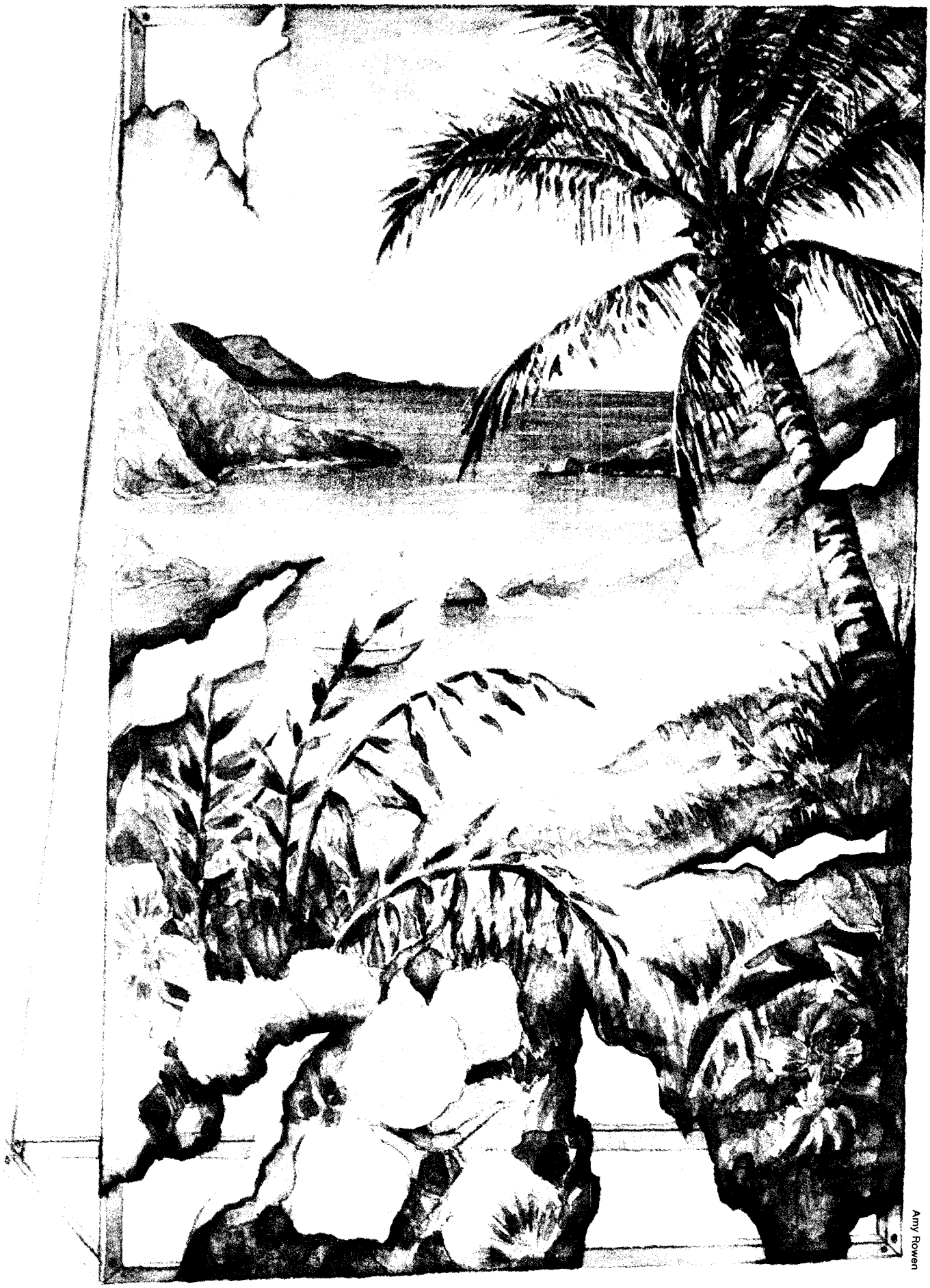

Amy Rowen

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Report from the Virgin Islands

IS PARADISE LOST?

by Tad Szulc

THE tag line on license plates on the 31,996 motor vehicles currently registered in the U.S. Virgin Islands proclaims that this is the "American Paradise," and the extraordinary natural beauty of the place certainly bears out the message. Yet, due to thoughtless management in the name of progress, these spectacular Caribbean islands are quickly turning into paradise lost.

This, at least, was the rather painful impression I had while spending several months in the Virgin Islands not long ago, watching maddening problems trouble the territory, which the United States purchased from Denmark in 1917 (our last territorial acquisition, a relative bargain at $25 million, or $300 per acre). During the intervening 60 years—particularly the past 10—man has made the islands into a microcosm in which all the social and economic ills characteristic of urban and suburban America are present and magnified. The "American Paradise" finds itself in an increasing state of administrative and human disrepair, with festering wounds inflicted by modern progress.

The islands that comprise the territory (84-square-mile St. Croix, 28-square-mile St. Thomas, 20-square-mile St. John, and the ring of tiny islets surrounding them) remain as beautiful as they were when trade winds brought Christopher Columbus and then Sir Francis Drake to the area on their historic voyages. The mountains of St. Thomas and St. John (St. Croix is flat) rise above the pure white sand beaches of the bays, coves, and inlets that form the islands' jagged coasts. The shimmering emerald green and aquamarine Caribbean waters (the color changes according to depth and light) frame the islands as if they were precious jewels.

But a closer look reveals the reality of the Virgin Islands: urban overcrowding, unemployment, poverty, intolerable water shortages in the not uncommon 100-degree heat, and glaring economic and social discrepancies. This sorry state of affairs has a dual cause. First and foremost, the islands are suffering from an unanticipated demographic upheaval. The population has tripled in the past 17 years and now stands at 100,000. The second problem is the inadequacy of the local government, which after more than a half-century of theoretical exposure to American democracy is still unable to shed its old colonial structure. It cannot make financial ends meet or provide required services. Together, these two factors have turned the paradise into a paradox and a parody of what a community richly endowed by God, tourist dollars, and the United States Treasury could and should be.

The islands have no economic base of their own, except for an oil refinery, some minor industry, and tourism. The last, of course, is hardly a negligible source of income: ships and planes have already brought nearly a half-million tourists, clutching their fistfuls of cash, to the islands this year. But most of this Yankee, French, German, Venezuelan, and Scandinavian money winds up in the cash registers of big free-port merchants on Main Street in St. Thomas. Hardly any of the free-port turnover—a stunning $152 million annually, mainly from liquor sales—trickles down to the islands' poor majority.

The only substantive income generated on the islands that benefits the islanders themselves is created by the bounty and goodwill of the Amerada Hess oil company, which built the world's largest refinery on St. Croix more than a decade ago. The current hope is that Amerada Hess will agree to renegotiate its tax exemption agreement five years ahead of time, increasing its cash payments to the islands' exchequer. But neither Governor Cyril E. King, entrenched in his mountainside government house overlooking the town of Charlotte Amalie, nor his anxious councilmen, who legislate from their lovely pale green building on the busy waterfront, have any idea whether the oil company will cooperate.

Most of the islands' $130 million budget—a whopping 76 percent of it—comes directly from federal coffers: the United States Treasury returns to the territory all the federal taxes it collects there, as well as all the customs revenues. No other American political unit, with the exception of Puerto

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Rico, enjoys such favored treatment; federal assistance to the states, for example, comprises only 28 to 30 percent of their individual budgets.

Considerable though it is, the federal dole doesn't buy as much for the islanders as one would expect—largely because much of it is spent unwisely. The local government, burdened with an enormous bureaucracy, singularly uncreative in terms of urban planning, and shortsighted with investments, cannot balance the books. Government workers are often unsure even of relevant facts and figures. A recent request for information elicited only the comment, "You've got to be kidding. Aren't you familiar with our culture? We don't make scientific use of statistics."

"Smartly dressed women patronize the Cardin and Yves St. Laurent boutiques and then, at the huge Grand Union supermarket, pay for their groceries with food stamps."

This practice becomes all too evident when one finally does manage to dig out some facts. The official unemployment figure for the American Virgin Islands is 8.4 percent of the labor force—a statistic that would not be so troubling were it not for the fact that the islands import labor. Tourism-related menial jobs as well as the islands' highly developed welfare operation attract emigrants from nearby Puerto Rico, who come legally with American citizenship, and more from the British islands—mainly Tortola in the British Virgin Islands—who come either on "green card" work permits or illegally. Local officials say foreigners are needed to fill those important job vacancies because "our people don't like to be maids or waiters." They apparently prefer welfare, or jobs with the territory government, which employs an incredible 25 percent of the work force—presumably one reason why the islands are broke.

Along with unemployment and mismanagement comes a string of social contradictions and distortions that further muddle the islands' affairs. Despite the unemployment, the low salaries, and a $300 road tax on every new car, one of every three islanders owns a motor vehicle. Here the explanation is that "our people have a talent for manipulating their incomes, what with government jobs, part-time jobs, welfare, and so on."

The distortions are apparent in the top social strata as well. The Virgin Islands as a whole have the highest per capita food stamp program anywhere under the Stars and Stripes. This may be due to the high cost of living—25 percent higher than that in New York City—and also to the contrasting low level of salaries. But surely the program is at least partially inflated by abuse. Smartly dressed women can be seen patronizing the Cardin and Yves St. Laurent boutiques on Main Street and then, at the huge Grand Union supermarket, paying for their groceries with food stamps. Chauffeurs carry their bags to expensive cars. Rich people, I suppose, are as greedy as anybody else; the problem in the islands, however, is that they can get away with it.

Other evidence of a contradictory state of affairs is revealed by the fact that while more than a quarter of the islands' budget is spent on public education (more than 25,000 youths, or one-third of the school-age population, are in school), the juvenile crime rate is rising steadily, and expenditures for public safety now account for 10 percent of the budget.

Everything else seems to be breaking down as well, administratively and aesthetically. St. Thomas lacks proper garbage collection (refuse is dumped into open roadside bins that are emptied once weekly). It cannot pay decent salaries to the nurses at its only hospital. Perhaps the most troubling of all the problems is the fragility of the water desalinization plants. Although St. Thomas is the most densely inhabited of the islands, with a population of some 48,000, at least one, and sometimes all four, of its water desalinization plants can be counted on to be out of commission. No one in government seems to be able to explain exactly why. The result is that the people of Charlotte Amalie, mostly slum dwellers who live in the shade of expensive tourist hotels and restaurants, go without water for days and weeks on end. The rich people and the big, expensive hotels up the St. Thomas mountain buy their water from private contractors with wells, then have it trucked up the mountain at nine dollars per ton. Despite such "conveniences," a local ditty has it that "in the islands in the sun, you never flush for number one." During my stay in St. Thomas last May, public schools closed down ahead of schedule because of water shortages and resulting unsanitary conditions.

The lack of fundamental social services, however, did not stop St. Thomas from building a spectacular new post office and federal building last year. This sort of expenditure obviously eats up a major portion of the federal money for which poor islanders so hunger.

Aside from being mismanaged, the Virgin Islands are also becoming schlocky. Charlotte Amalie, which heretofore was a monument to the good taste of Danish colonizers, is now chockablock with fast-food franchises: the town seems proud to feature Pizza Hut, McDonald's, Colonel Sanders, and other establishments of the neon-sign variety. A hot sales item is a T-shirt proclaiming: "I'VE SLEPT ON A VIRGIN —Island."

This aesthetic deterioration is compounded by a building boom that seems almost willfully designed to strip the islands of their beauty. Despite the warnings contained in a recent massive study on the ecological impact of growth in the Virgin Islands, native and mainland developers get away with building highly expensive shoreline condominium properties and destroying, in the process, natural and previously undamaged sections of the coast. One such project, the Sapphire Bay condominium development, looks like an open-air showroom for farm silos when seen from the sea. The magnitude of the problem is most vividly revealed by the fact that the number of building permits issued in the Virgin Islands rose from 409 in 1957 to 1,436 in 1974.

At the rate things are developing on the islands, the "American Paradise" is, indeed, being lost to one and all. It is a shame, considering how much the islands have going for them. But neither Washington, busy with other problems, nor the local government seems to be doing much about arresting the decline of one of the most magnificent American possessions. ◉

Tad Szulc is a Washington-based writer and author of *The Illusion of Peace*, to be published early next year.

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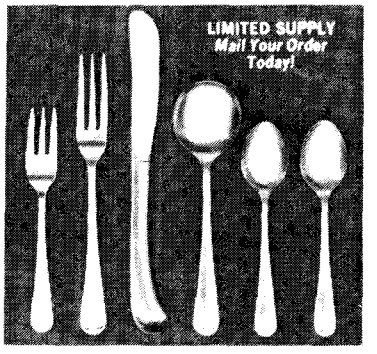

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In Defense of the Real

Joe Ciardiello

Daniel Martin
by John Fowles
Little, Brown, 629 pp., $12.95

Reviewed by John Gardner

SINCE publication of *The French Lieutenant's Woman* (1969), and certainly since *The Ebony Tower* (1974), it has seemed that John Fowles is the only novelist now writing in English whose works are likely to stand as literary classics—the only writer in English who has the power, range, knowledge, and wisdom of a Tolstoi or James. He is a master stylist, we've known since *The Collector* (1963), and he has the talent, much underestimated these days, for telling suspenseful, interesting stories.

Storytelling—the rigorous attention to plot that characterized the nineteenth-century novel and that characterized, also, *The French Lieutenant's Woman*, Fowles's superb fictional exploration of the philosophical background and moral implications of the nineteenth-century novel—is not prized by some of our serious writers because in their rather too easy, too fashionable commitment to existentialist notions of human freedom, they underestimate the force of the past. If it were true that we are free to change our ways and that human history can at any moment take an abrupt, unpredictable turn for the better or worse, then we might take seriously those writers who ignore the past or play literary games with it, as do E. L. Doctorow in *Ragtime*, Nicholas Meyer in his two books about Sherlock Holmes and famous men, and John Barth in *The Sot-Weed Factor*.

But existentialism tells a half-truth. It is true that we must make choices, change our lives; but it is not true that we can ignore the inertial power of all that has brought us to where we are. This is a theme John Fowles has treated before, especially in *The Magus* (1966) and *The French Lieutenant's Woman*; it is the central dramatic problem in his new novel, *Daniel Martin*, Fowles's best book so far. Here, as in all his work, Fowles explores the problem partly by analysis of the ways in which the arts—especially the art of fiction—can limit or liberate our emotions and ideas (that is, our lives) and partly by brilliant close analysis of the psyches and histories of lifelike human beings.

The central character, Daniel Martin, is a successful playwright and movie scriptwriter who feels that he has lost touch with his past, his "real" self. When the novel opens, he has been divorced for some years, has drifted from one casual arrangement to another, living always in the present. Daniel Martin's buried past centers in one incident, the long-ago time when he made love to his best friend's fiancée, Jane, sister of his own fiancée, Nell. The moment was real, a true act of love. All that followed has been false: a bad marriage between Daniel and Nell, ending in divorce; an unhappy "good" marriage between Jane and Daniel's best friend, Anthony, who is a practicing Catholic, a philosopher, and an Oxford don.

Through the intervening years all four have lied in subtle ways about the situation. Jane tells Anthony what happened, but does not admit the truth that she was and is in love with Daniel. Anthony guesses her true feelings, but does not admit to anyone, least of all himself, that he

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is hurt. Nell, who has only her suspicions, makes Daniel's mask of silence a pattern for her behavior in their increasingly unhappy marriage: she tries to talk, at first, and tries to help Daniel with his work, but gradually withdraws into icy silences and convention. As for Daniel himself, he clumsily distorts the truth in a stage play, making himself the enemy of the other three. In response, Anthony writes a coldly analytical letter leading syllogistically to the conclusion that he and Jane must break off all relations with Daniel. The estrangement, notice, comes as the result of two misuses of thought's age-old devices: truth-seeking art untempered by compassion (the will to love that prods and clarifies imagination—Dan's play) and truth-seeking philosophy untempered by compassion (Anthony's cold-blooded analysis of the facts).

Then, dying of cancer, in hopes of atoning and correcting history, the philosopher forces a reconciliation and charges Daniel with the almost impossible job of resurrecting Jane's true, buried self—as well as Daniel's own buried self, the self that should have married Jane. Having won Daniel's promise, Anthony seals it in a way tragically fitting for a Christian who believes in ritual acts, benevolent coercion, and miracles. He nails the promise to the unalterable past, giving up not only his life but, according to his beliefs, perhaps the afterlife as well by commiting suicide. The rest is the novel: Daniel's gradual discovery that he does indeed love Jane, though they disagree on almost everything from politics to art—a discovery that brings him back to life—and Jane's even more painful, equally miraculous resurrection.

Fowles's novel is about more than the search of a cast of beautifully rendered individuals for an authentic past and future. As Daniel and Jane search out where their lives went wrong, so the novel as a whole seeks an understanding of where our Western civilization went wrong and how we who carry the burden of history can redeem our age, find a future worth living. As individuals can forget or deny their beginnings, so humanity as a whole can forget its Eden, sliding into the persuasion—now popular with novelists and philosophers—that from the start the universe has been a dung heap. Fowles shows that both philosophers and writers are engaged in the same effort: serious writing about reality aimed at preserving what is of worth in human life. The true novelist, like the true philosopher, uses words as tools, not playthings. If both sorts of thinker use symbolism, it is the symbolism that rises out of life itself, not the symbolism imposed by the dogmatist who knows in advance what he will say.

FOWLES nails the false novelists of our age who feel guilty about presenting the cautiously optimistic view of life most of us live by in spite of our fashionably gloomy language. He nails them partly in Dan Martin's reflections on the state of the modern novel:

> It had become offensive, in an intellectually privileged caste, to suggest publicly that anything might turn out well in this world. Even when things—largely because of the privilege—did in private actuality turn out well, one dared not say so artistically. It was like some new version of the Midas touch, with despair taking the place of gold. This despair might sometimes spring from a genuine metaphysical pessimism, or guilt, or empathy with the less fortunate. But far more often it came from a kind of statistical sensitivity (and so crossed a border into market research), since in a period of intense and universal increase in self-awareness, few could be happy with their lot.

A profoundly moral man, as sensitive as anyone else to human suffering, Daniel Martin decides he will tell in the novel he means to write—the novel we are reading—the truth: "To hell with cultural fashion; to hell with elitist guilt; to hell with existentialist nausea; and above all, to hell with the imagined that does not say, not only in but behind the images, the real."

Daniel Martin is a masterpiece of symbolically charged realism: every symbol rises, or is made to seem to rise, out of the story. This is true even of those symbols that would seem in another writer's work to be most obviously message-laden. On that crucial long-ago day when Jane and Daniel made love, the emotions that led to their act were charged partly by their discovery, while out punting with other Oxford students, of a drowned woman. That she represents the "drowned" Jane of the novel, and the lost Daniel as well, is obvious; but the vividness of the scene, the precise observation of details (both external and internal), transmutes the allegory. Snipped-out quotation can only hint at the effect:

> Mark kicks off his shoes and climbs down into the reeds, parts them, then takes a cautious step forward. His leg sinks. He feels for footing farther out. Daniel looks round. Jane is standing now in the long grass, watching from forty yards away. Andrew walks toward him, holding out the flask. Daniel shakes his head. The reeds close behind Mark, half-masking him, as he sinks above his knees. Daniel stares at a tuft of purple hyssop on the bank. Two shimmering blue demoiselle dragonflies with ink-stained wings flutter over the flowers, then drift away. Somewhere farther up the cut a moorhen croaks. All he can see now is little interstitial glimpses of Mark's blue shirt between the dense green stems that have closed behind his passage; the susurrus, the squelches and splashes.
>
> Beside him Andrew murmurs, "Bet you a fiver she's a tart. Our gallant American allies again." Then he says, "Mark?"
>
> "Roger. I've found it."
>
> But Mark says nothing more. He seems to spend an inexplicable time hidden there in the reeds, silent; occasionally a reed-head bends sideways. In the end he comes heavily back, then clambers up on the grass, wet to the loins, his feet cased in black mud, a stench of stagnancy; and something sweeter in the air, hideous. He grimaces at the two others, glances back toward where Jane is, speaks in a low voice.
>
> "She's been dead some time. Stocking round her neck. Her hair's full of maggots." He reaches down and tears off a handful of grass and brushes the worst of the mud away. . . .

Incredibly, every vivid detail here works symbolically, as does nearly every detail in Fowles's huge novel. Mark, representative of the World War II serviceman's values, will all but vanish from the novel and historical consciousness as he vanishes in the reeds. The young Andrew, who will marry Nell after her divorce from Daniel, holds out conventional comforts (a flask and a joking snobbery that does not express, we will later learn, his real feelings as an aristocrat, carrying the inescapable burden of his class). Jane, whose psychological arrest will approach psychosis, stands "in the long grass . . . forty yards away," behind the others. Daniel, who will for a time evade life's seriousness by a surface aestheticism, "looks round" about him, noticing bright surfaces, the call of a bird.

By the end of *Daniel Martin*, the daring of Fowles's symbolism will become downright awesome: a false and shoddy resurrection of history's buried life in the raising of a temple that would otherwise perish behind the Aswan Dam (the dam itself a symbol here, a masterpiece of technology that, like the atom bomb, threatens the civilization it serves and at the same time prevents total war, since an Israeli bomb on the Aswan Dam would destroy most of Cairo and shut down mod-

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John Gardner's October Light *won the 1976 National Book Critics Circle Award for fiction. His eighth novel,* In the Suicide Mountains, *will be published this month.*

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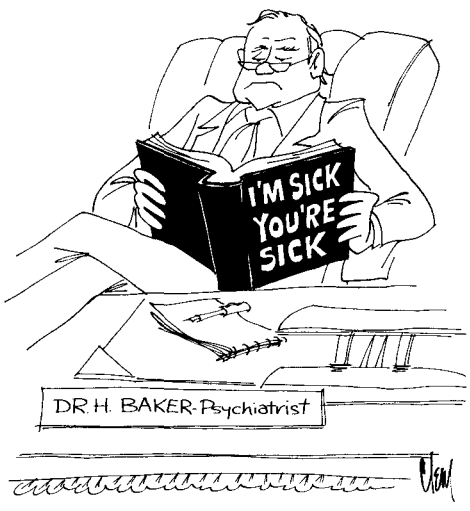
ern Egyptian civilization); an accidental assemblage, on a Nile touring boat, of vividly individualized representatives of Western history's alternative "empires"—British, French, American, East European—while on the banks stand impoverished and diseased fellahin, the detritus of ancient Egypt; or, most stunning of all, the terrible desert desolation of ancient Palmyra. "What an extraordinary place," Jane says. Dan comments: "End of the world." But they are not quite right. Fowles writes:

> It was the weather, they decided; it took all the serene aura out of classical antiquity, reduced it to its constituent parts, its lostness, goneness, true death . . . and the contrast of the reality with the promise of the name: Palmyra, with all its connotations of shaded pools, gleaming marble, sunlit gardens, the place where sybaritic Rome married the languorous Orient.

The "weather" not only in a literal sense but in psychological and philosophical senses as well: bad emotion and bad philosophy have reduced antiquity to "its constituent parts." Jane and Daniel—modern humanity—have lost the ability to see life whole. Like Rome and the Orient, like male and female, reason and emotion, opposing principles must marry. And in a sense, miraculously, in the waste of Palmyra, Jane and Daniel do.

At the end of the novel, looking at a self-portrait of Rembrandt as an old man, Dan sees, and Fowles spells out, the secret: *No true compassion without will, no true will without compassion.* It is through culture, through the arts' gropings of history, that we learn to see who we are, where we are, where we can go and cannot go. Without will, the artist's—or any other person's—conscious determination to love and to save (the impulse stirred in Dan by his philosopher friend's coerced promise and self-sacrifice), we cannot rise to compassion. And without compassion, without real and deep love for his "subjects" (the people he knows and, by extension, all human beings), no artist—no person—can summon the will to make true art or a true life. He will be satisfied, instead, with cynical jokes and too easy, dire solutions, like those in shallower novels about individuals and history, such as John Barth's *End of the Road.* In *Daniel Martin,* Fowles defines what art requires, what life requires. It is the first line, and the implied last line, of the novel: "Whole sight; or all the rest is desolation." ◉



An Explorer Among Palefaces

The Professor of Desire
by Philip Roth
Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 272 pp., $8.95

Reviewed by Ross Feld

PHILIP ROTH'S motives have been under discussion now for almost 20 years. It's a curious situation. A writer expects to be called to account on the evidence introduced, book by book. But in Roth's case he has also been asked to account for the strivings, the urgent shadowed aims that sat him down before the typewriter in the first place.

By any set of rules, Roth ought to be allowed to explain freely. His last book, *Reading Myself and Others,* a collection of essays, began the task. As best as I can see, *The Professor of Desire* continues it, setting aside one room in Roth's house of fiction for the storage of defense arguments.

"I am devoted to fiction . . . and I assure you that in time I will tell you whatever I may know about it, but in truth nothing lives in me like my life." This is David Kepesh preparing notes for the introductory lecture he will give to his comparative literature class, the selfsame David Kepesh whom Roth turned into a mammary gland three novels earlier and who's here riding (once again in the company of most of the characters of *The Breast*) over swells of the spirit fierce enough to sink (or hormonally disorder) anyone. After a childhood spent in the tonic air and isolation of the Catskills as the son of the innkeeper-owners of Kepesh's Hungarian Royale, one of the second-rank jewels studding the Borscht Belt, young David progresses to Syracuse University to try his hand first at acting and then, when that seems too public, to veer inward toward literature.

Literature and girls: he borrows a self-image from Macaulay as "a rake among scholars, a scholar among rakes." But it isn't until his Fulbright scholarship sends him to England that he can flesh out, in the form of two Swedish girls, his increasing suspicion that "I refuse—out of an incapacity that I elevate to a principle—to resist whatever I find irresistible, regardless of how insubstantial and quirky, or childish and perverse, the source of the appeal might strike anyone else" (Defense Argument 1). Elizabeth and Birgitta, roommates in London trying to improve their English, involve David in a threesome so manically carnal that even when one of them, Elizabeth, drops out due to emotional exhaustion, the momentum already established keeps the ball rolling with David and Birgitta alone. And rolling, and rolling—demons unto one another.

This shrill, libidinous pitch so soon into the book is disconcerting. Slapdash welding seems to promise one moan of astonished pleasure after another. Yet by starting off so hectically Roth means to signal the grade and slope of his book: things have to calm down. Before he surrenders mind totally to matter, David leaves Birgitta, returns to the States, and then moves on to Stanford to settle into the more circumspect life of English departments, Chekhov, and faculty parties. At one of these functions he meets Helen Baird. In previous books Roth has contributed to what by now is a classical species in American fiction: the young woman flung into wider orbits than her original circumstances could have predicted—but Helen is surely one of the best. Twenty-five years old, she's already lived in the Orient as the concubine of a rich, married Englishman and explored Eastern exotica in the company of a largely homosexual expatriate colony, to which she maintains complex and reciprocated loyalties. But as she tells David when they first meet, by now she's "getting-on." This candor plus a talent for renunciation wins David. Coming off his own experience-peak, seeking tranquillity also, he thinks he's found in Helen a dock, a harbor. Yet they miss each other

Ross Feld is the author of Years Out *and has just completed another novel.*

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in the fog. In short, sharp strokes, Roth creates a picture of a clenched-teeth arrangement, two people bearing down too hard—and when the marriage quickly falls apart, the blame seems less assignable to the mates than to the shabbiness of making-do. With a job teaching college on Long Island awaiting him, David leaves both Helen and California.

In New York he enters analysis. Since *Portnoy*, Roth has used analyst-patient dialogue frequently enough to make us believe he considers such talk inherently interesting. Whether that's so is questionable—but in this instance his psychiatrist character, Dr. Klinger, serves adequately as an intermezzo of direct speech, of parsing, between David's love affairs. So does a poet and fellow teacher named Baumgarten, who, in getting back at the Jewish literary critics who have disdained his impolite verse, seems to speak for Roth himself: "Do they need me too to scratch my name on the Wailing Wall? For me the books count—my own included—where the writer incriminates *himself*. Otherwise, why bother? To incriminate the other guy? Best leave that to our betters, don't you think, and that cunning Yiddish theatre they've evolved, called Literary Criticism" (Defense Argument 2).

To save the novel from too much of this front-and-center contentiousness comes Claire Ovington. A private school teacher, a naïf compared to Helen, yet warm and poised and erotically gratifying to a man who lately has been crying into his mirror, "*I want somebody!*" Claire holds out to David the satisfactions of monogamy —and he gingerly takes them. Not marriage yet, but a constancy that keeps its shape even during a shared visit to Europe and the hovering memories of David's "surging sense of lascivious kinship" with dissolute Birgitta. A side trip to Prague occasions meditations on Kafka and the cruelty of the body: "its utter singlemindedness, its cold indifference and absolute contempt for the well-being of the spirit" (Defense Argument 3). But with Claire in his bed even this is bearable. From the orgasmic yips at the beginning to the tentative domestic pleasures with Claire at the end, a brief seems held if not exactly for the spiritual (grotesque transformations have been guaranteed to these characters by the earlier book, *The Breast*, and that is what will happen to them here, particularly to David) then at least for a desperate kind of stability.

But there is more here than a skeleton of skillful argument and rebuttal. After all their points have been tallied, Roth's

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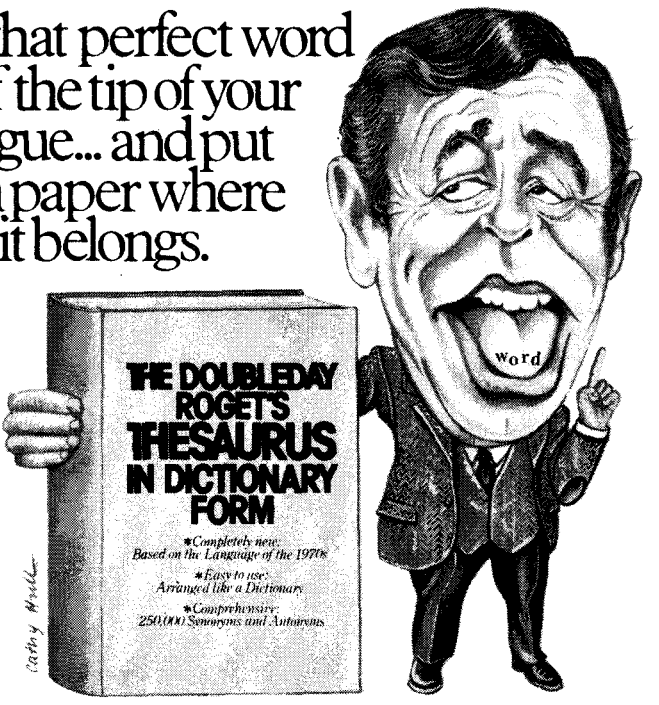
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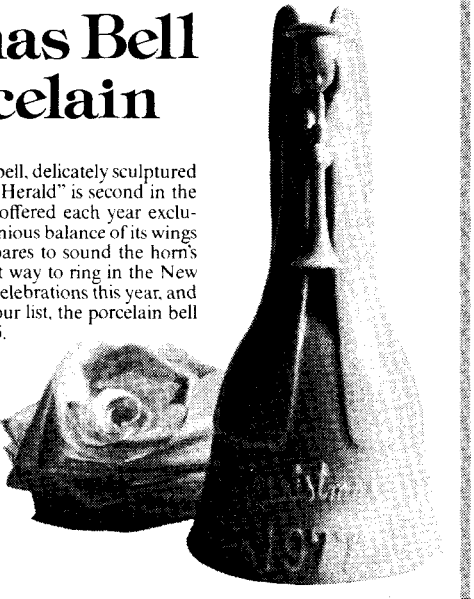

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books have succeeded best where a rich, novelistic bonding obtains. Just as the least tumultuous of David's women, Claire, turns out also to be the most adhesive—the professor may be of desire but the student is always of affection—so Roth uses David's natural family to shape that which seems to defy form: twice in the book, in the middle and at the very end, they come to pay call on his life. First, during the lonely bachelorhood after David leaves Helen, his parents make their annual visit to New York, and they spend a night in David's two-room sublet on the West Side. Just having learned that his mother is dying of cancer and seeing his father begin to undo the spool of his grief, David lies awake on the studio couch as his parents sleep in the bedroom and recalls with "disgust and remorse . . . the series of mistakes—no, the one habitual and recurrent mistake—that has made these two rooms my home." In the middle of the night the buzzer from the downstairs lobby sounds; it's a homosexual partner of the original tenant; he wants up; everyone is awakened. The ambiguous, squirming comedy of the scene (" 'You know what would fix the son of a bitch once and for all?' my father says. 'Boiling water' "), shaded in as it is by imminent death and present disappointment, is brilliantly moving.

And even more luminous is the finale. David's father, now a widower, bringing in tow a fellow widower, Mr. Barbatnick, comes to spend Labor Day with David and Claire in the upstate cottage they've rented for the summer. Talking nonstop, giving out presents, a "living, throbbing valentine" bursting with cheer and nervous energy, Mr. Kepesh superimposes on David and Claire a hopefulness almost like obligation. "What if he should drop dead from all this fervor in his heart?" David thinks. "And before I have married the devoted girl, bought the cozy house, raised the handsome children. . . ." No American writer today is better at confronting the embarrassment of love than Roth.

In what's come to be a famous distinction, the critic Philip Rahv divided American writers into two groups. There are the palefaces (the civilized psychologists and nuancers) and there are the redskins (the explorers; the rough, cutting edges). Philip Roth, in his own persistent and agitated way, again means to let us know he's both. ◉

Lowell's Indissoluble Bride

Day by Day
by Robert Lowell
Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 138 pp., $8.95

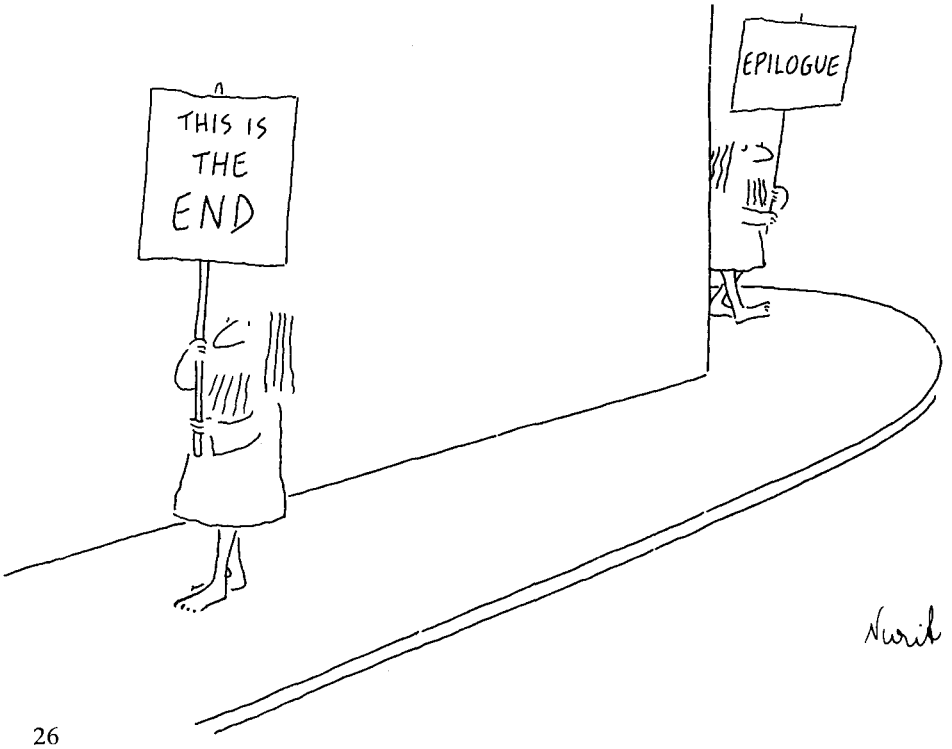
Reviewed by Louis Simpson

ROBERT LOWELL once wrote a poem that began, "Writing,/my indissoluble bride for forty years. . . ." Whenever he has written about writing he has written his best. He can describe the night sweats, the many ideas that come to one, and the uselessness of them all as far as writing a poem is concerned. And the stupidities one commits in between poems.

He has written with sympathy about other writers, both living and dead: Ford Madox Ford, Robert Frost, Propertius. But the writer Lowell has known best is himself, and this is his constant theme. It is not to be taken as "confession." Those who think that he has been writing about himself in order to purge his soul have mistaken the shadow for the substance. He has not been writing about his personal life, but about his life as a poet. He has written about his life in order to write poems.

Not that Lowell himself has been aware of this. For a while he was trying to speak to and for America. He published many sonnets under the title *Notebook* (1969) and then rearranged them under the title *History* (1973), whereupon his friends and critics—it has been Lowell's misfortune that the two are usually the same—mistook the book to be what it said it was and discussed it as an epic work on history. These were New Critics—that is to say, no critics at all—trained to assume what the writer assumes and then to explain how the parts fit together. They don't ask radical questions: for example, whether there was a connecting idea between the sonnets on Sir Thomas More and moon landings and the "Pacification of Columbia." The sonnets in between that came from Lowell's life were not windows on the world. If one were to turn the life of a President into verse it could possibly be an epic (in Pound's definition, a "poem containing history"), but Lowell's life has been much too sheltered. He has kept the best company, he has made his political protests under the best possible conditions. Besides, he can have very little understanding of the kind of people who make up the mass—the poor and unlucky and obscure.

In his new book, *Day by Day*, Robert Lowell has given up his pretensions as an epic poet and he has stopped writing unrhymed sonnets. We are back with the fascinating, superbly gifted poet of *Life Studies* (1959) and *For the Union Dead* (1964) who is capable of riveting down the "flux of experience" with details, scenery, gestures, and words. He has returned to the life of the poet, and as no one knows more about this than Lowell, the book rings absolutely true. The sub-



Pulitzer Prize-winning poet Louis Simpson is now working on a book about six poets, including Robert Lowell.

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For Sheridan

We only live between
before we are and what we were.

In the lost negative
you exist,
a smile, a cypher,
an old-fashioned face
in an old-fashioned hat.

Three ages in a flash:
the same child in the same picture,
he, I, you,
chockablock, one stamp
like mother's wedding silver—

gnome, fish, brute cherubic force.

We could see clearly
and all the same things
before the glass was hurt.

Past fifty, we learn with surprise and a sense
of suicidal absolution
that what we intended and failed
could never have happened—
and must be done better.

—ROBERT LOWELL

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ject may seem limited, but the poet's urgent need has taken him to many places, no good as history, but perfectly adequate as settings for his angst. He has turned back once more to confront his parents. He has gone back to "St. Mark's, 1933," to Louisiana State University, to England, and, in a sequence written with a humor that must be all his own, he has revisited a mental hospital. It is all consistent, for the poems are about a sensibility, and this is rendered by the writer's voice with no apparent holding back. The book reads like a talk with a friend—especially if you both happen to be writers.

The other good thing about *Day by Day* is the recovery of form. Lowell said years ago that he was divided between his love of a narrative, as in Tolstoi ("his work is imagistic, it deals with all experience, and there seems to be no conflict of the form and content"), and "another side of poetry: compression, something highly rhythmical and perhaps wrenched into a small space." The first love gave us *Life Studies*; the second gave us *Near the Ocean* (1967), hailed by the reviewers who had been offended by *Life Studies* and who couldn't wait for Lowell to be his old, compressed, Lord Weary self again.

Then came *Notebook*, which fell between two stools, being neither imagistic and free in form nor compressed. Some of these unrhymed sonnets were good. I remember one that was written to a woman. It ended with the happy remark that since they were now both fifty, they were free "to be old, do nothing, type and think." But in general the lines were loose, and there was no sense that the poems were shaped by the excitement of writing. His new book shows that the fit of trying to out-Wordsworth Wordsworth is over: the lines have the rhythm of living speech.

Ever since *Life Studies*, Lowell has turned away from writing imaginary narrative. His last attempt to do so, *The Mills of the Kavanaughs* (1951), was a failure. Moreover, the age demanded confessions. In *Life Studies* he gave the age something better than what it asked for—not confessions, but the life of a poet. That age is past, however, and even Lowell's version of sincerity will no longer serve. He seems to be of the same mind, for at the end of *Day by Day* he says: "Those blessèd structures, plot and rhyme—/why are they no help to me now/I want to make/ something imagined, not recalled?" This is troublesome, however; I am afraid he is

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on the verge of a mistake. He seems to think that imaginative writing in verse calls for plot and rhyme.

Plot, in the old sense, and rhyme were exactly what was wrong with *The Mills of the Kavanaughs*. Lowell doesn't need plot and rhyme; he needs Chekhov. He ought to try getting inside the skin of a few people who aren't like himself. And he should continue to use the living speech and forms of his new book. If he can do this he may write narrative poems that will astonish us all. ◉

Books in Brief

Hearts and Minds: The Common Journey of Simone de Beauvoir and Jean-Paul Sartre
by Axel Madsen
Morrow, 320 pp., $10.95

Theirs is a love story like no other. Thriving on freedom, not dependence; pride, not sacrifice; honesty, not bliss, it has survived war, compulsive work, world fame, and disparate romances for 50 years. He calls her the Beaver, from her work habits; she calls him simply Sartre; and together they have been the dominant moral voices—in fiction, philosophy, criticism, and politics—of their generation. Like all French *moralistes* since Montaigne, they, especially Sartre, have embraced ideas for their moral richness rather than for their logical consistency and have readily broken embraces when conscience compelled. Hence a joint biography must, as Axel Madsen has understood, trace the uneven path tramped by Sartre's and Simone's shifting, intertwined, scrupulously forthright lives and ideas: existentialist individualism yielding to Marxian socialism, then to libertarian radicalism; the cult of equality giving rise to emotional conflict, then drawing them both into the battle for women's rights; and so on.

The two companions are not entirely alike, of course: he, more imaginative and self-assured; she, more precise, self-searching, and vulnerable. Although Madsen treats his subjects with affection, he reveals in Sartre a man determined to live as he chooses, even at the expense of others' feelings; and in Simone he gives us, besides a fertile mind, a brave and chastened heart. The merits of their ideas and actions go unquestioned here, for Madsen lets the story unfold as narrative—from buoyant youth to the pains, sorrows, and blindness of deepening old age. And yet this record of an unconventional love and way of life rouses many thoughts—some happy, some sad. —JAMES SLOAN ALLEN

Portrait of a Romantic
by Steven Millhauser
Knopf, 384 pp., $10

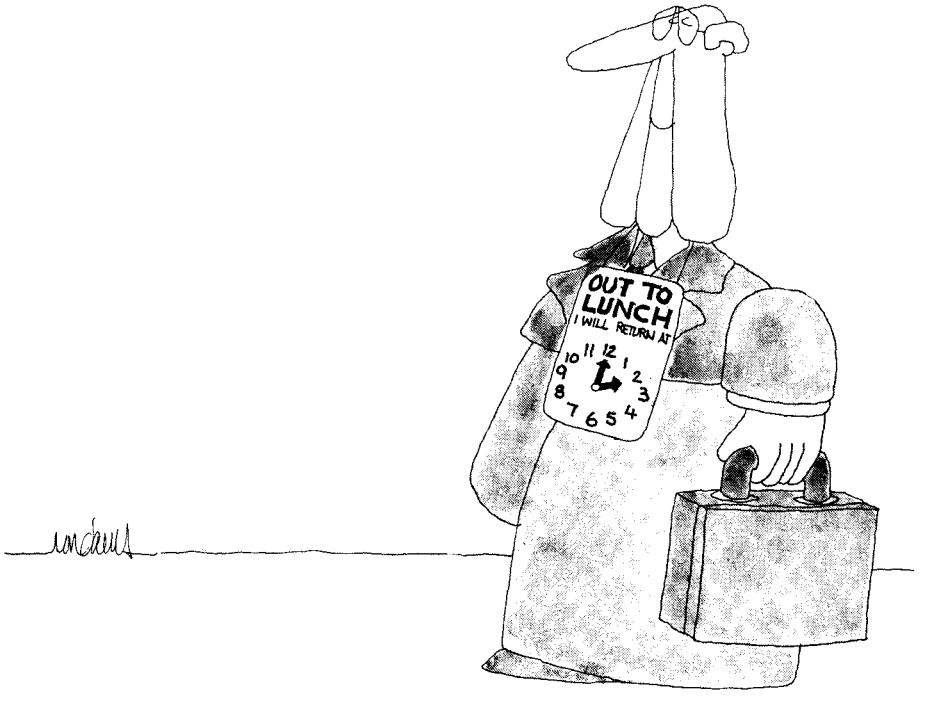
There is something very disconcerting and peculiar about Steven Millhauser's fiction. It is written with the discipline of a man far beyond his thirty-four years. Millhauser is a novelist of decided yet disquieting talent, a prisoner of his own acute intelligence and self-consciousness. A young man who knows too much, Millhauser has to learn to relax when he writes.

His first novel, *Edwin Mullhouse: The Life and Death of an American Writer, 1943–1954, by Jeffrey Cartwright*, was a pseudo-Boswellian biography-within-a-novel about an eleven-year-old genius. It was a debut of striking inventiveness written in dazzling visual prose, yet marred by a coy and self-congratulatory cleverness and an almost spooky self-control. His new novel, *Portrait of a Romantic*, picks up where *Mullhouse* left off and traces the adolescence of the romantic Arthur Grumm—an adolescence dense with elaborate daydreams and night dreams that fill pages of the book. As he did in his first novel, Millhauser pays acute attention to physical and psychological details and maintains the same disturbing distance and detachment.

Millhauser is blessed with spectacular descriptive gifts. He can capture in a sentence or two the smell of a summer day or the feel of a dusty old volume. Yet he also overwrites with a vengeance. If he writes something well once, he will write it twice, or three times, or maybe four; never is a noun permitted to wander unaccompanied by an adjective or a flood of adjectives. Both of his novels are stretched out beyond necessity, bloated with Millhauserian prose.

Portrait of a Romantic is a sad, witty, accurate chronicle of growing up strange and dreamy, but far too often it reads like the work of a man who spent so much of his youth in a library that his knowledge could not be brought to life by experience. Steven Millhauser has an enviable talent, but up to now he has only created two extremely impressive sarcophagi.

—SHELDON FRANK



The Naked Civil Servant
by Quentin Crisp
Holt, Rinehart & Winston, 224 pp., $7.95

Admirers of Jan Morris's *Conundrum* have in Quentin Crisp's autobiography another fine account of a sexual outcast of the right little, tight little island. But while Morris, the transsexual-to-be, was isolated in secret, Crisp, the homosexual, proclaimed his singularity as early as 1931, leaving no doubt in the mind of even the casual passerby about the young man with the clanking amulets, mandarin-length fingernails, and hennaed hair.

Crisp was primarily interested in his freedom to be an aesthetic object, a wish apparent in his work as a figure model in state art schools (hence the book's

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title). He thinks the campaign for gay rights an inherently ludicrous one, and indeed, he has many biting things to say about his kind. He remarks that when a homosexual is asked about a new lover, he will not say that he is wise or brave or kind, but, "It's enormous."

Crisp writes with erudition (he calls the attraction of homosexuals to their inferiors the "Cophetua complex"), deadpan humor ("I am one of the stately homos of England"), and an elegant narcissism that transcends petulance to achieve the heights of style. A man who has long been notorious for putting all his talent into his life, Crisp now may be celebrated for having saved his genius for his art.

—RHODA KOENIG

Jack: A Biography of Jack London
by Andrew Sinclair
Harper & Row, 297 pp., $12.95

Norman Mailer once slugged it out verbally with Gore Vidal on *The Dick Cavett Show*. Mailer insisted that American letters are a two-fisted affair and that Vidal ought to put up his literary dukes. Andrew Sinclair's new biography of Jack London reveals London as the patron saint of such literary belligerence. Sinclair writes: "Jack had created the image of the heroic macho writer who lived his fiction and made a fiction of his living."

London, the illegitimate son of a San Francisco spiritualist, grew up in poverty and for years led a shiftless life as a sailor, gold miner, boxcar hobo, and petty criminal. His stories of the Alaska gold rush put him in the public eye. Once there, he poured out work, led a scandalous public life, and died of an overdose of morphine at the age of forty.

Drawing on his background, London created a new style—that of the tough, unstable, self-immolating intellectual—and it was reflected in both his life and his work. It helped to dissipate the then dominant eastern genteel tradition in literature, and it influenced writers from O'Neill to Hemingway, Kerouac, and even Mailer. Sinclair portrays London's unsettled brilliance as a vital link between our pioneering past and our present intellectual restlessness.

Sinclair's biography does an admirable job of sorting out the controversy still surrounding London, but his treatment doesn't go beyond these details. Ultimately, it is London's extraordinary life that makes this such an engrossing book.

—PETER CANBY

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Fine Print

by Doris Grumbach

In June 1974, I left off writing a literary column called "Fine Print" in another place. There had been 99 of these columns, taking as their subjects the phenomena of trade publishing, large publishers and small presses, fine press books, university presses. Some were about books I had read and liked despite their obscurity and critical neglect. Others concerned best sellers I could not help liking in spite of their popularity. In fact, the valedictory column was on Doctorow's *Ragtime*, which I predicted, brashly, would be the most critically acclaimed and accoladed novel of the year. On that lucky note I put down my pen and took up other work.

Now, three years later, I pick it up again in a new and hospitable place. I have not changed my interests in the long interval, only deepened them. I still find some small presses worth mentioning to readers. I continue to admire well-designed and well-produced books, believing with David Godine (whose publications are themselves examples of fine printing) that it is as expensive to publish an ugly book as a beautiful one. Further, I think it is worth a critic's time to seek out ignored good books, to reconsider them.

In addition to these elevated intentions, I expect to indulge my affection for the publishing world (and what I suspect is most readers' interest in the world behind the books they read) by commenting on its idiosyncrasies; its failures and achievements; its trends, advances, and retreats; whenever these matters seem worth this space and your time and attention.

I have no interest in gossip per se. I doubt the reader cares which editor has moved from one publishing house to another, or for what scandalous reason. But that reader may well be interested in the impact of the widespread consolidation of publishing houses, of costs, of new technology, of copyright decisions, of regional developments in publishing. Of these happenings, and others like them, I will write.

Now to business. This fall there arrive two novels destined for what was called in Victorian times "the feminine trade." One is *Attachments* (Simon & Schuster, $8.95), by Judith Rossner, the same writer who pulled off a great financial and popular coup a few years ago with *Looking for Mr. Goodbar*. The other is *In the Flesh* (Morrow, $8.95), by Hilma Wolitzer, a less known writer whose first novel, *Ending*, was highly praised by critics but not read widely enough. I have been thinking of the two books in one breath, so to speak, because they represent the kinds of problems now posed by women's fiction.

I have always believed that the best fiction is androgynous: designed by a writer (whose sex is not of importance) for a reader of either sex. "Lending library" fiction of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries is typically second-rate and foolish, sentimental and directed at what were thought to be the womanly sensibilities. Fiction aimed at male readers—adventure, business, war novels—is equally undistinguished. The enduring writers have achieved their permanence by appealing simply to lovers of great narrative, whatever their gender—writers like Flaubert, Dostoevski, Tolstoi, Austen, George Eliot, Twain, Melville, and Hawthorne.

What distinguishes this group of otherwise disparate craftsmen and makes them one company? *Language*. In fiction, language is partly a function of the voice heard in the book: the sound of the teller of the tale, or the authorial tone heard within or without the boundaries of the story. (In this sense fiction resembles poetry, although in each form the uses of language and the resultant products are different.) Language, appropriate to character, event, place, and time—the wagon in which the tale inevitably rides—is the sine qua non of all fiction.

Now then for Wolitzer. *In the Flesh* is first-rate, first-class, witty fiction. As a story it is unpretentious and almost commonplace, but even so, it is superbly *told*, a triumph of the unique voice that Wolitzer presents to us. Nothing could be more ordinary: a woman-wife, Paulette, aspires in her spare time to write poetry. The plot expands from the familial structure—which includes Paulette's handsome musician-husband, Howard; their two very young children, Jason and Annie; the couple's mothers and fathers; Howard's former wife, Renee—to accommodate "a touch of adultery": the affair of the wife and that of the husband, both transient events. There is a handful of peripheral friends, but mainly this is a simple celebration of the cohesion of the family unit—"that terrible but enduring eight-legged beast."

In the process of creating this threnody to Hymen, Wolitzer takes us through some of the funniest minefields in contemporary fiction. She satirizes natural childbirth, supermarkets, housing projects, babies and children, sex, diets, suburban existence, psychiatry, pot, part-time employment for women—all the unsightly dandruff of young married life so often either ignored or vilified or romanticized in the fiction by women today.

Settling for love and marriage ("You'll want more; something/never satisfied by voice or touch/but now love's heart-knock is enough," Paulette writes in the second of several poems Wolitzer provides as chapter headings), Paulette—strong, self-deprecating, humorous—is heard in every sentence of the book, and hers is a prime and wonderful voice.

Here she is talking about her depressed husband on Sunday morning:

> "Come on, sleepyhead, get up. We'll visit model homes. We'll look in the paper for some new ones." I patted him on the ass, a loving but fraternal gesture, a manager sending his favorite man into the game.
>
> Why was I so happy? I decided it was the triumph of the human spirit over genetics and environment. I knew the same bad things Howard knew. I had my ups and downs, traumas, ecstasies. Maybe my happiness was only a dirty trick, another of life's big comeons. Maybe I'd end up the kind who weeps into the dishwater and always keeps the window shades drawn.

As the heroine herself says in her first poem, "The main thing is the way it's told." For *In the Flesh*, it's the whole thing, the novel's entire virtue, a triumph of the perfect placement of language.

Now for the other side of the coin. On pages 97 and 98 of *Attachments* we learn in one three-minute sweep of the eye all the "news" (for that is what *novel* means) that Rossner has to impart to us. On those two pages we are given in graphic detail the answer to the major question raised by the novel: How does a woman, the heroine, Nadine, "do it" with her Siamese-twin husband? And when her best friend, Dianne, marries the other twin, how do *they* do it? Once these momentous ques-

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tions of logistics are solved, there remain a few others that ought to create curiosity, but somehow—because of the endless, flat terrain of language we have to travel across—they do not. Only one further question of consequence is posed: What happens to the two marriages when the twins decide to risk the operation and are separated? The predictable answer past, there is no nourishment left in the book.

Put aside the essential poverty of the sensational idea and the attenuated workings-out of the occasional complications. What remains is the absence of precisely what Wolitzer's ordinary story possesses to so great a degree: rich, inventive language. Rossner uses words carelessly; she is deaf to the natural music of good sentences because she is so preoccupied with the ramifications of her catchy idea. Listen to her writing as Dianne decorates a nursery for her child:

> The whole job took about two weeks and didn't really hit me until the day it was finished and I was invited in to see the final results. It was a retreat. A genuine fucking retreat. It worked. Far from the rest of the house, in feeling if not in fact. Far from me. Far from the world. My voice that wasn't ready to cave in so fast said it was pretty cold and bare for a baby's room but it didn't matter, the room wasn't for the baby it was for Dianne. It was a retreat and a reproach. It stood there in the midst of a large home cluttered with dark (sticky) wood, wildly flowering wallpaper, painfully intricate Oriental rugs and mantelpieces full of Christmas cards from freak agents and other people who sent Christmas cards, chastising the house and me for our messy, half-assed capitalist sexuality. For our very existence.

The only color in this passage is effected by the vulgarity of two adjectives. There is no grace, no imagery that is not tired and hackneyed. The prose has a tone-deaf quality ("Far from the rest of the house, in feeling if not in fact"). It proceeds doggedly along its synthetic paths.

What will happen to the two novels? If *In the Flesh* is lucky, discriminating reviewers will take admiring notice of it, and attentive readers will buy it. *Attachments* needs no luck. A Book-of-the-Month Club Alternate Selection, it is destined for success because the bare idea of the story will intrigue readers. I can see it now. Rossner's soft-cover edition will paper the beaches next summer. "Watcha reading?" "That book about the girl who has sex with Siamese twins." "Wow! Can I borrow it when you're done?" ◉

With this issue Doris Grumbach begins her regular literary column.

Trade Winds

by William Cole

Fifth Field

Here's a new poetry publisher, The Sheep Meadow Press (distributed by Horizon Press), with their first book, *A Full Heart*, by Edward Field (mid-October, $7.95 cloth, $3.95 paper). Field has published four other books and is one of my favorite contemporary poets; I find in his work a winning combination of the tender, funny, neurotic, and poignant. There are some spots of light verse he calls "Messages." One of them, "Cab Ride," goes, "How I agonize/Watching the meter rise." And I like his "Sonja Henie Sonnet":

> In high school we danced the lindy white-style
> like Sonja Henie on her skates
> curvetting her way around the rinky-dink
> back-first, front-first, leaving a trail of scars.
>
> Splitting in air or dissolving in a spin
> she came out holding her muff to cheeks
> dimpled and rosy under Bo-Peep bonnet
> as snowflakes starred her blond and marcelled
> head,
>
> and curtsying, her little behind
> peek-a-booed under fluffy skirt
> when she braked to a stop before the cameras
> in a cloud of powdery ice.
>
> Below, blunt feet in leather with blades of
> steel
> dug in their points and held.

Hubbuburbia

Thank goodness Peter De Vries is incorrigible; if he were corrigible, how much we'd lose! He's back again, full of pizzazz, with *Madder Music* (Little, Brown, October 6, $8.95). We have Bob Swirling, a suburbanknight who goes a bit nuts and thinks he is—indeed, he *becomes*—Groucho Marx, with painted moustache, sloping walk, and unique delivery: "Yes, I take a cold shower every morning and feel rosy all day. Rosy's out of town just now so I thought I'd try to scare up something here. . . ." And an exchange with a nurse, in an ambulance: "What's your type?" she asks. "You're my type." "Your blood type." "I'm not positive, so I must be negative. Do you know the Hemoglobin Song? Hemoglobin, oh my darling, when the lights are dim and low. . . ." In one of his non-Groucho moments, he's asked if he believes in an afterlife and replies, "Yes. This is it. That is what all those intimations of previous incarnations are all about." The story embraces the new sexual freedom, three marriages, two divorces, an evangelist, flagrante delicto in three different closets, and a brother-in-law who overstays his welcome as a houseguest—enough to drive anybody Marx. I left the book humming my version of Bing Crosby's "Love in Bloom": "Can it be De Vries that fills the trees/With rare and magic perfume. . . ."

Up from Down Under

Veteran novelist Sumner Locke Elliott, whose work is admired by such tough critics as Jean Stafford and Wilfrid Sheed, has just appeared with his sixth book, *Water Under the Bridge* (Simon & Schuster, just out, $9.95), a heavily plotted and charactered story of Australia in the Thirties and Forties. One of his characters is the most obnoxious villain I've come across lately, Archie Evans, a social climber who uses words like *vouchsafe* and *opine* and who addresses a female journalist as "fair scribe," thinking such talk will get him into the upper class. Elliott is a writer who talks to the reader: "Well, would you believe it? They'd sat there for an hour and a half." The occasional Australianisms won't bother you: "tucker," and phrases such as "Maybe I'll look very curl-the-mo in my uniform, eh?" A solid novel, whose characters will stay with you for a very long time.

Laundramatics

Bright and witty, pleasantly vulgar, that's Guy Bellamy's first novel, *The Secret Lemonade Drinker* (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, just out, $6.95). Bobby Booth, young Englishman, gives up teaching ("Perhaps it came from being irrefutably right for six hours a day. . . .") and takes to managing a laundramat (their spelling). He has wife troubles ("You know what Noel Coward called marriage? The aftermath of love") and a problem with a beautiful girl who insists on putting the clothes she's wearing into one of his machines—with the inevitable results, and I don't mean clean clothes. ◉

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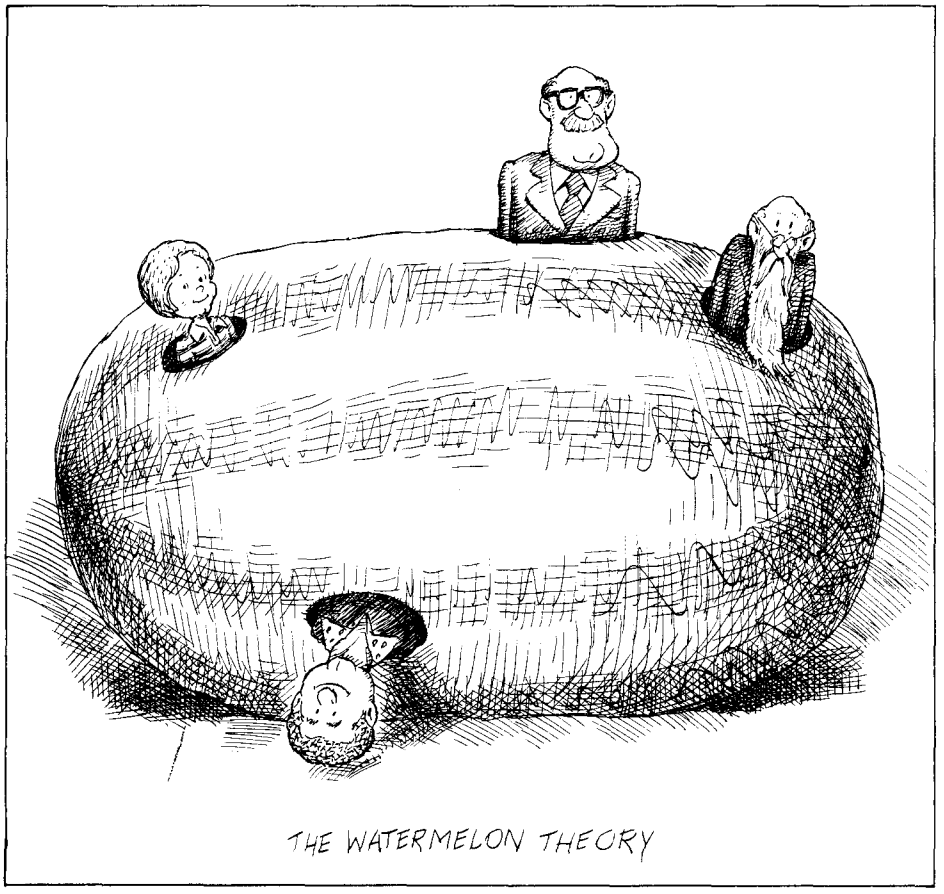
Scienceletter

The New LSD: Life-span Development



Stan Mack

by Albert Rosenfeld

AN EXCITING, innovative scientific discipline has lately been evolving, and it is claiming as its grand province nothing less than the study of the entire human life-span from the moment of conception to the moment of death. This discipline examines all the biomedical and psychosocial aspects of human development in the context of a person's total environment, taking into account the individual's physiology, psychology, family, home, community, culture, education, religion, race, sex, and economic status, as well as the outside events that impinge upon his or her life. It studies, in short, the inception, growth, progress, and ultimate decline of that long, strong thread of individual identity that somehow retains its stability and self-awareness as it moves through nonstop change.

This infant science is called Life-span Development, or LSD for short. (I don't think the abbreviation was intentional; though the impact of the new LSD may prove much more powerful than that of the other variety.) Of course LSD implies a multidisciplinary effort, inasmuch as anyone's life-span is a complex, multidimensional continuum. Not a seamless continuum, however—it tends, rather, to be broken up into reasonably discrete phases separated by fairly abrupt transitions that may be either biological (for example, puberty) or social (for example, graduation or marriage).

We have always recognized that human organisms go through distinct phases and transitions in early life—from conception through embryonic and fetal development; from birth through infancy and childhood; from adolescence to young adulthood. But we have traditionally thought of adulthood itself as essentially a single entity, the stretch of life for which the rest was intended, the smooth plateau of maturity that goes on and on—barring accident or crippling illness—until the gradual wear and tear of our days and years eventually brings on a rapid decline into senility and death. This view was implicit in the question we have always asked children: "What do you want to be when you grow up?"—as if whatever choice was made would be forever. It was evidenced, too, by our consternation whenever a man or woman expressed discontent with an apparently agreeable set of circumstances and a consequent desire for change. "What's got into old George?" we would say. "Has Helen flipped her lid?"

Now, partly through the interest of those who study the aging process, we have finally arrived at a new understanding of the human situation. In years past, the average life expectancy was so low that people were generally on their way out by the time their reproductive and child-rearing years were over. But today most of us live long enough to have another whole life left over after our kids are grown. And in these revised circumstances we have come to see that—as popularized in books such as Gail Sheehy's *Passages*—adulthood, like earlier life, is broken up by major transitions from one phase to another and that such passages are not only normal but also expectable. Knowing this takes away some of the internal panic of an adult undergoing the throes of a mid-life crisis and diminishes the threat perceived by those closest to him. Instead of feeling endangered and put upon, one spouse may now understand that the other is merely going through a predictable transition.

Though I have said that the life-span continuum is not seamless, it does hold together, and its parts are interdependent. At any given point in this continuity, a human life may be seen as being the accumulated result of all that has happened in its past and as already having a certain directional thrust that is suggested by its proposed future. When someone looks back from the perspective of his later years, for instance, he can see the antecedents both of what he became and of what he might have become—in body, mind, spirit, character, temperament, career, tastes, and talents. Dr. Robert A. Aldrich, of the University of Colorado Medical Center, has made up a diagram that expresses the nature of the life-span continuum. Because of the diagram's shape, Buckminster Fuller promptly named it the "watermelon model" when

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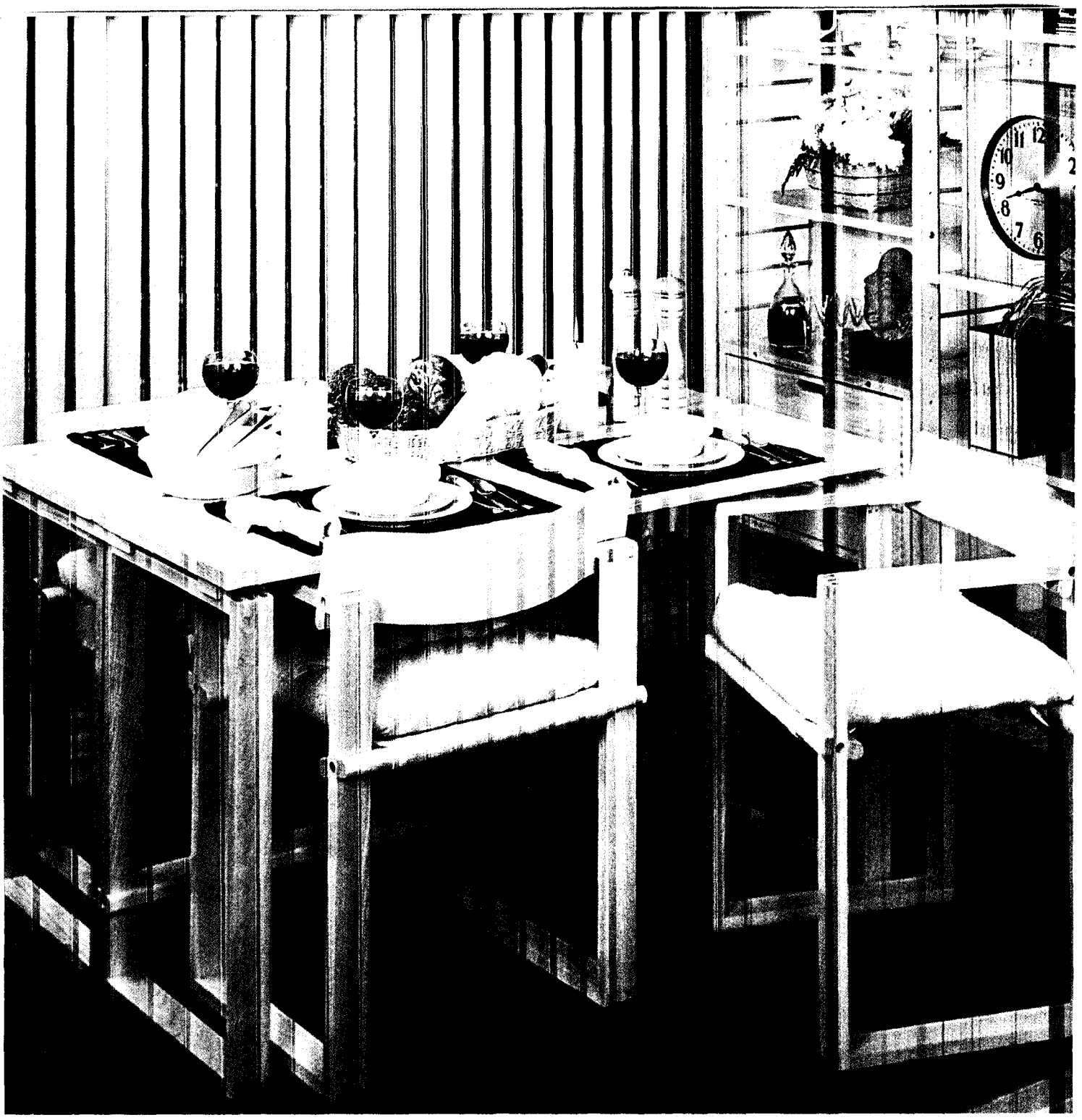

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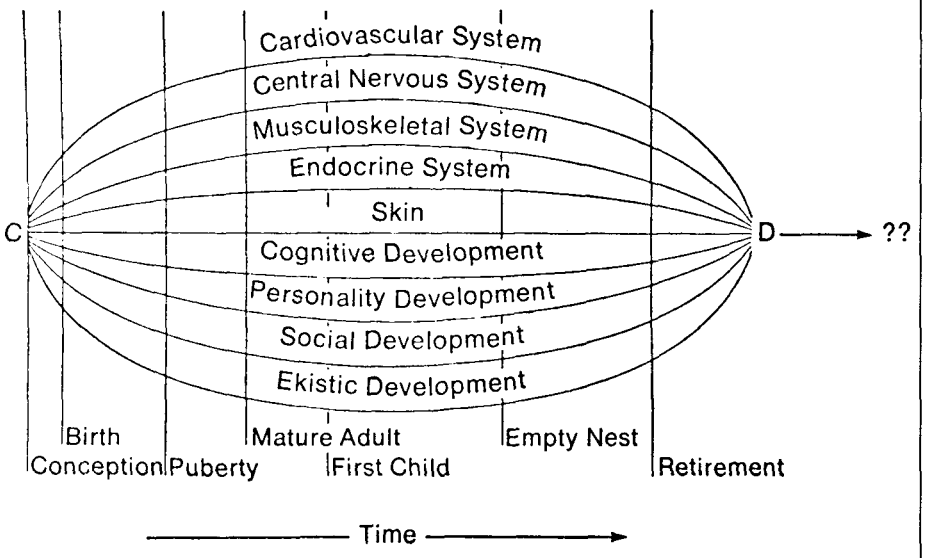
The Watermelon Theory: A Concept of Human Life-span Development



In Dr. Aldrich's "watermelon model," the C *at left means* conception, *the* D *at right is for* death, *with question marks as to what lies beyond. The top half of the watermelon represents biological factors and the lower half represents psychosocial factors in the individual's life. (The word* ekistic*—coined by the late Constantine Doxiadis—refers to the study of human settlements, here symbolizing the environmental context.) Milestones along the way (bottom) indicate possible critical points in the life-span ("Empty Nest," for example, refers to that time of life when the children grow up and leave home).*

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it was first presented, and so it has been known ever since. It looks like this:

The top half of the watermelon acknowledges the biological aspects of life; the bottom half, the psychosocial. The model is meant to suggest visually that if you want to know anything about a given person at a given location on the watermelon, that point representing "Now" in his life-span, you must slice through the entire watermelon to be aware of the multiplicity of factors you will need to consider. The model also reminds us that from any given "Now" we can learn a great deal about an individual's past history, and vice versa. Further, we may even be able to predict something about that person's future—though of course the future is modifiable, as the past is not.

My own acquaintance with the budding multidiscipline of LSD is largely through a group that has been meeting for the past two years—and will continue to meet—in Aspen, Colorado. The conferences, carrying the generic title "Major Transitions in the Human Life Cycle," are held under the aegis of the Academy for Educational Development (AED) and are supported by the Schweppe Research and Education Fund. In the wide-ranging discussions, it does not seem at all incongruous to find a specialist on children, for instance, participating in a session on the aging process; or to experience the animated presence in a seminar essentially biomedical in nature not only of a broad spectrum of biomedical scientists but also of psychologists, sociologists, an economist, a clergyman, and a government policy maker. I, too, was privileged to be a participant in this year's conference. The AED intends to issue a report that will attempt to summarize the stimulating week of intensive, discursive brainstorming sessions in which some 20-odd individuals, representing almost as many disciplines, took part.

At this point, I simply want to pass along the word that a new multidiscipline is undergoing its birth pains, that it has a feel of real importance to it, and that we are all likely to be its beneficiaries in terms of new insights into, and new remedies for, the down-to-earth problems of our everyday lives. ◉

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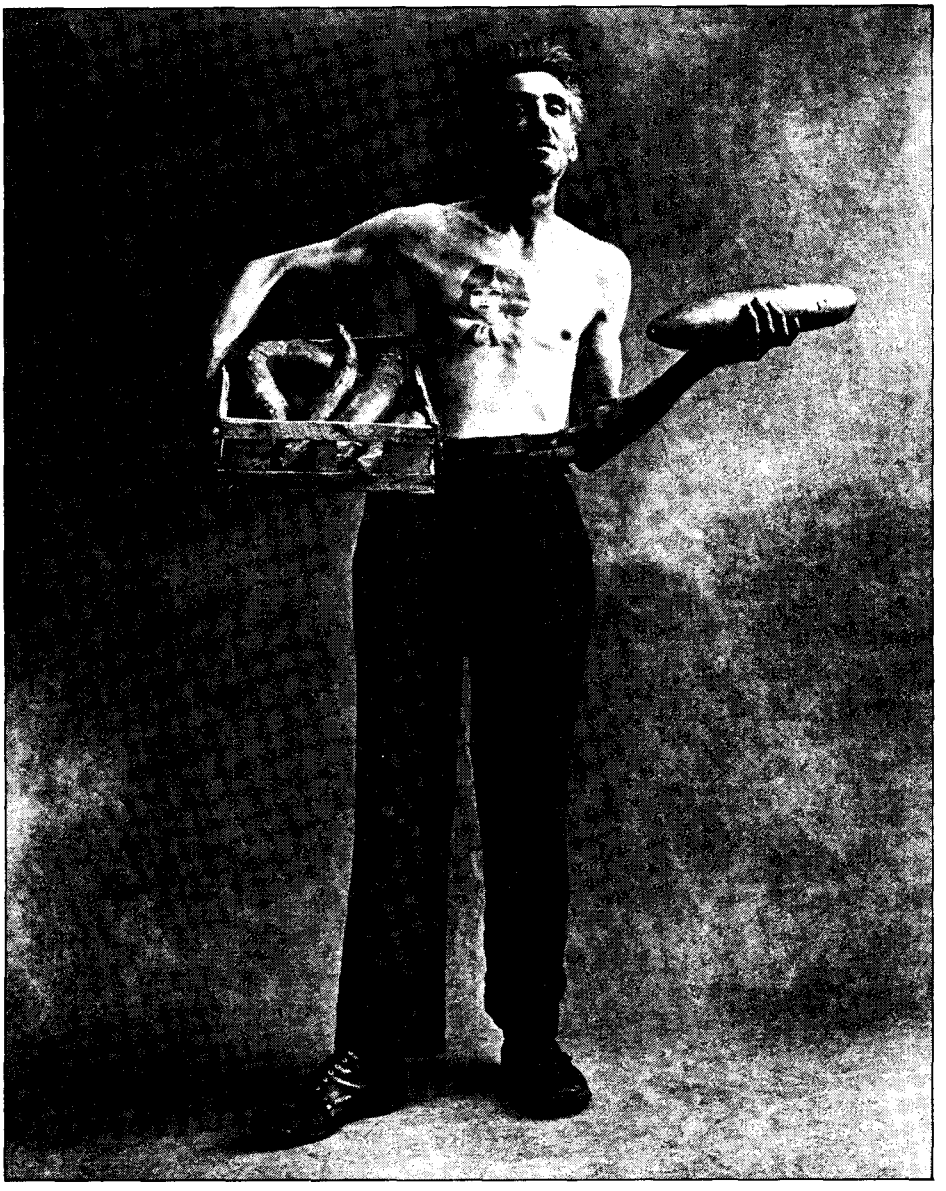
Small World in a Room



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Cucumber seller—"Not so much moments preserved as creatures caught in ice."

by Owen Edwards

By his own design, I suspect, Irving Penn has become one of the most eccentric and problematic characters in photography. He is a major talent, by most if not all standards, and at least arguably a genius, a maker of some of the most awesomely handsome photographs in the history of the medium. Yet he is an anachronism, spiritually and artistically; and his flight into the past, coupled with a studied rejection of photography's unique strengths, may doom him to be uninfluential and ultimately forgotten, like some extraordinary branch in evolution leading only to overspecialization and extinction.

Personally shy, elitist by inclination, Penn has increasingly isolated himself within a daunting maze of contradictions. He is possibly the most gifted and respected commercial photographer since Edward Steichen, yet he disclaims these accomplishments in favor of his narrower, more self-conscious private work. One of the characteristics of this art for art's sake stance is that, though he is a consummate (and rare) master of subtle and dramatic color, Penn thinks of great photography only in terms of black and white. The most perplexing of all his contradictions is that while there is no other photographer with greater regard for the flawless presentation of subject matter, Penn seems to feel at best a clinical concern for the people and things in his pictures.

One of Penn's few peers in commercial photography once described him to me as "the last and greatest Victorian photographer," adding quickly that he meant the remark in the most complimentary way. The description is apt; Penn's extreme devotion to craftsmanship, unwavering whether the subject be lemons, mud men, trash, or a Texas fashion model, recalls that of turn-of-the-century pictorialists who valued style and technique at least as much as content, if not more. Like these earlier photographers (though for reasons more carefully conceived), Penn has not diverted himself with the search for reality. Using an ever present neutral background to destroy any illusion of candor, he poses his subjects with the elaborate artifice of Gertrude Käsebier or Clarence White, until they possess an almost otherworldly stillness.

But there is an essential and troublesome difference between Penn and his artistic forebears. White, Käsebier, the young Steichen, and others were working in a medium still too new to have a clearly developed sense of its place in the scheme of things. In an effort to earn a respectable equality among the arts, the early pictorialists (many of whom were former painters) tried to produce a kind of painting. Seventy years later, Penn knows better. Photography no longer seeks approval nor does it grope for an understanding of its power—painting, in fact, evidences much more confusion these days. The reason for Penn's calculated retrogression then, would appear to be personal, a way for him, also once a painter, to find contentment with a medium he no longer cares for very much. The obvious irony is (as photorealists are discovering) that photography and painting are not even remotely similar, and when one imitates the other, it risks ending up nothing at all.

This is not to suggest Penn cannot work wonders. At his first large-scale exhibition now at New York's Marlborough Gallery, there is more pure sensual pleasure per square inch than can be found in

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the work of any other living photographer. After viewing his works, one is grateful that he was not another decisive-moment-cum-candid-shambles snapshooter, since creative control, discipline, and attention to detail from corner to corner are just the qualities that make Penn's magazine work so memorable. Looking at the 125 perfect platinum prints at the Marlborough, however, I wish it were two years and two exhibitions ago, when under the steady onslaught of photographic vulgarity I could always comfort myself with the mythic Penn, complete photographer.

A reprise of Penn's three exhibitions and his career before them is instructive, a cautionary tale in the classic Greek mode. By 1974, after almost 30 years in the rigorous business of applying tact and taste to magazine spreads—salads, mannequins, people whom people were talking about, and so forth—Penn withdrew to the measured perfection of his Long Island farm and emerged only to do an occasional elegant editorial page for *Vogue* or the choicest advertising still lifes ("Photographed for Clinique by Irving Penn"). With the long overdue reassessment of fashion and commercial work, students "discovered" Penn's books (*Moments Preserved* and *Worlds in a Small Room*), and his already solid cult of devotees grew. Penn was *the* great worker with color. Penn was the thinking man's Ansel Adams. Penn never took a bad picture.

As if to provide incontrovertible evidence, he exhibited, at the Museum of Modern Art in 1975, a series of astonishing platinum prints depicting hugely magnified, infinitesimally detailed cigarette butts. Not just beautiful photographs of things but beautiful things in themselves, the cigarette pictures set a new standard for print quality and further enthroned Penn as the king of the cosmic make-over. Like Athena sprucing up the travel-worn Odysseus, Penn had reached down to these tortured, reviled shapes and, with multiple printing (sometimes involving two or more slightly varying negatives), had rendered them exquisite. It was an arrogant and prodigious display of power; if the pictures had been only a shade less dazzling, they might have seemed arty and pretentious.

Early the first day of the MOMA show, I received a phone call from another photographer, himself a renowned creator of still lifes, telling me that the pictures were awesome. "It was," he said, "as if Penn were right there in the room with me." And, truly, standing in that room filled with divine butts was an overwhelming experience, very much the logical and fitting culmination of Penn's work. For weeks, admirers outdid one another in attempts to look beyond the pictures and into the photographer's mind. Among other insights, we perceived visual metaphors for the existential bind of the times, overtones of Samuel Beckett, the ultimate satire on the chic material world to which Penn had been an unwilling Goya.

At that point, had Penn never made or published or exhibited another picture, he might have become a kind of sacrosanct

Copyright © 1974 Irving Penn

Cigarette butts—"The ultimate satire."

holy man, knowingly revered by visual sophisticates. Then, last spring, came an apotheosis of sorts: a show at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, one of the few ever given a living photographer, arranged not by the photography curator but by Henry Geldzeller, the Met's curator of twentieth-century art and a pivotal figure in the world of painting. But the exhibition, platinum prints of a more elaborate array of street debris, was a curious, revealing, deflating affair, the misstep that Penn had so long avoided. The pictures—blackened gloves, crushed Dixie cups, rags, torn cigarette packs—had all of Penn's customary aristocratic distance, but not a shred of the human concern that had seemed to cling, however tenuously, to the cigarette photographs. One walk around the isolated, cheerless room, with its fastidious, emotionless, inconsequential wads of matter so ironically decorative, and with a shock it became clear that the revered cigarettes weren't profound metaphors at all (of course Penn had never said they were) but just objects peculiarly suited to demonstrate what the master and his machinery could do. It was singularly uncomfortable to live with the discovery that Penn's vision might be less universal than had been suspected. Like Joe DiMaggio, Penn is needed in his heroic form. It is one thing for him to sell facial cleansers with a fine photograph, but quite another for him to sell himself as a fine artist with so-so graphics. Pretensions gleamed through the debris pictures, and suddenly, unbelievably, the sureness and validity of Penn's vision were, if not diminished, at least in doubt.

Perhaps inevitably, the 125 pictures at the Marlborough do nothing to prevent further erosion of Penn's mystique, since none of the images are new, and they can only reiterate what is already known: there is no more constant point of view in photography than Irving Penn's. Having found a formidable ally in the platinum process, Penn has chosen to reprint (often from enlarged negatives) a selection of what might be called his greatest hits, mostly taken from his portraits, from the "Small Trades" section of *Moments Preserved*, and from *Worlds in a Small Room*. Also on view are some of the cigarette and street debris pictures, one black and white *Vogue* cover, and a few nudes done in 1950.

Aside from the cigarette butts, which, however one chooses to interpret them, still have the power to amaze and thoroughly transmogrify the ordinary way of seeing everyday things (a crushed-out Camel will never seem the same), the most arresting photographs are those done earliest in Penn's career: stiffly posed portraits of men and women in London and Paris, in the clothes and with the tools of their trades. Perhaps because the photographer himself was newer at the game or because these working men and women saw Penn and his unglamorous view camera as just another laborer like themselves, these pictures inspire a human interaction with the viewer more effectively than any of Penn's later photographs. A woman selling balloons is as round and cheery as her wares; and a Parisian cucumber vendor with a pretty girl tattooed on his emaciated chest seems to offer up his soul with the vegetable in his hand. Occasionally in Penn's portraits of famous people, such as Augustus John and Jacob Epstein, a similar failure to hold the subject at bay allows warmth and vitality to filter through the lens; but it seems clearly against the photographer's wishes. By the time Penn did his quasi-anthropological studies for *Worlds in a Small Room*, he was either past making that sort of mistake or, perhaps, his extreme sensitivity to the awful invasionary power of the camera had

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made him both more shy and more determined not to take unfair advantage of strangers. Whatever the reason, whether photographing ancient Cretan villagers, motorcycle outlaws, or hippies, Penn had learned to use his camera like a lion trainer's chair, keeping his subjects in their places. At times, as with a Hell's Angel on a gleaming bike, the precarious balance of power generates keen tension, but only rarely do these later pictures offer or engender such emotion.

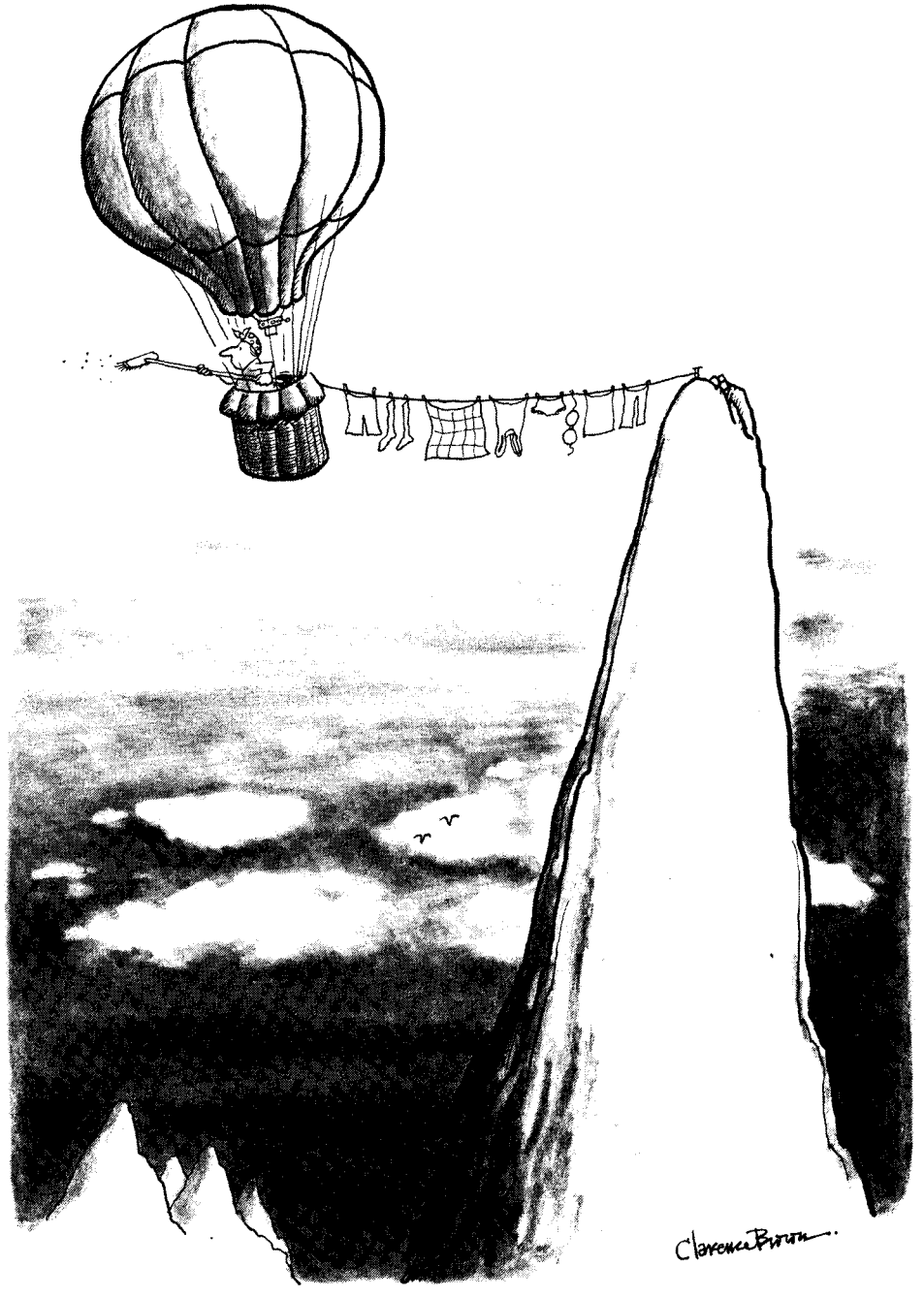
First and last, Penn is a still life photographer, and his impeccable commercial career testifies to his brilliance with that form. His strength, however, is also his failure: he has an unaltering sense of artistic propriety that reduces (or elevates) everything he photographs, whether human or otherwise, to the level of *nature morte*. The three-decade span of work on view at the Marlborough, which denies a full simultaneous comparison with his more varied commercial and fashion work, gives one the feeling that Penn has never changed in all these years. Two French bakers are nearly exact visual antecedents for the cigarettes; veiled Moroccan women are obvious portents of the later street debris. Through it all, Penn has not shifted awareness, only his camera.

The purpose of still life is to allow us time to contemplate the beauty of objects by holding them aloof from time. But people are not as easily captured as apples, even by the camera; it is Penn's unique power to drain human beings of vitality, cooling them somehow until he gives us not so much moments preserved as creatures caught in ice. The price of beauty, as Penn perceives it, is the loss of the reverberations of life. Someone like Brassai gives us photographs of people; Penn gives us people *as* photographs. Ultimately, of course, Penn, Brassai, and all other important photographers give us pictures of themselves.

In another age, Irving Penn might have been a monk, contentedly sequestered within the high walls of a fortress abbey, painting archangels, demons, and saints whose forms had been predetermined by centuries of precedent. For him the world would have been defined by anonymity and the humble search for perfection. But Penn lives in a time when the ego is not so conveniently restrained; perhaps against his instincts for survival, he must display his restricted, perfectionist's vision, enlarged and hung with solemnity on the walls of museums and high-priced galleries, exposing himself as a good artist, when all he ever needed to be a great photographer were the pages of a magazine.

Having said all this, I will add one more thing, since there seems no end to the contradictions of Penn and his work. Some weeks before the fanfare of the current exhibition's opening, I sat in a small office at the Marlborough looking through a sheaf of prints as yet unframed. Whatever I would at last decide about these photographs, I had no doubt at that moment, nor do I now, that anyone fortunate enough to see them will find among them the most beautiful physical entities photography can produce. Suddenly I came upon that astounding cucumber seller—the stark, north-lit angle of one arm echoed fantastically by the curve of a cucumber he carries, his whole worn body anchored yet still striving upward against the impartial modulations of a gray background—and I felt a chill, and could not stop looking.

Penn's work asks more questions than it answers. I wish I could feel more comfortable about finding it wanting—or that I could at least outwit my own ambivalence—but for now I cannot. Time will tell. ◉



Owen Edwards is an editor and critic whose articles have appeared in The New York Times Sunday Magazine, New York *magazine, and the* Village Voice.

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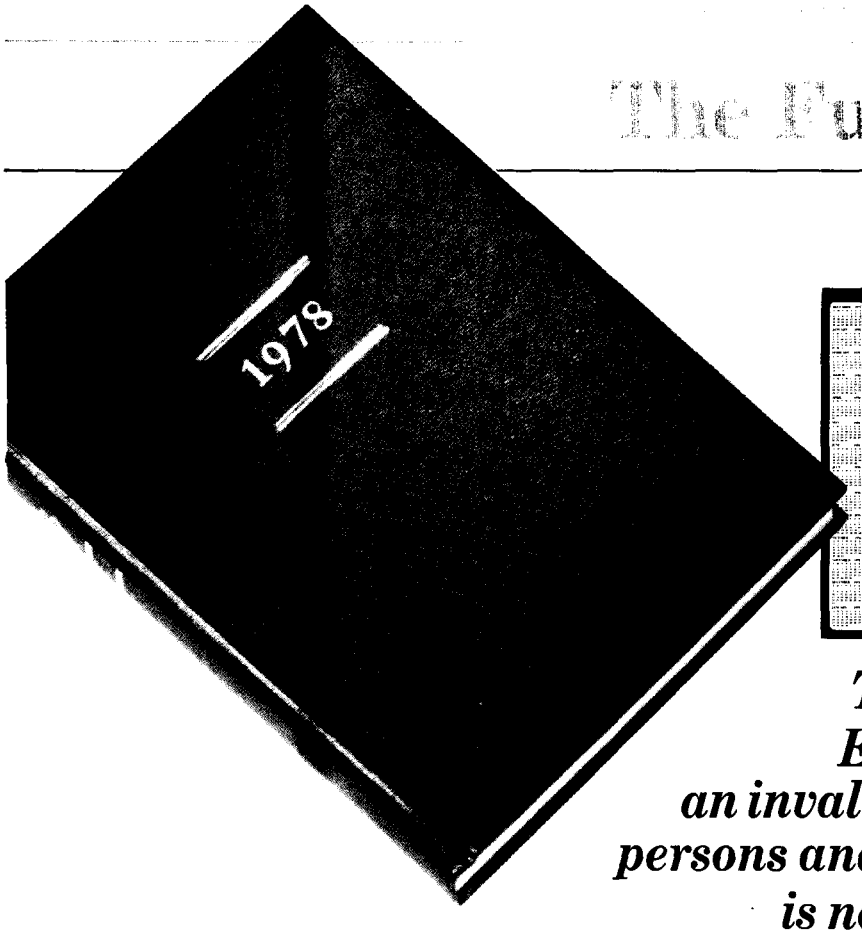

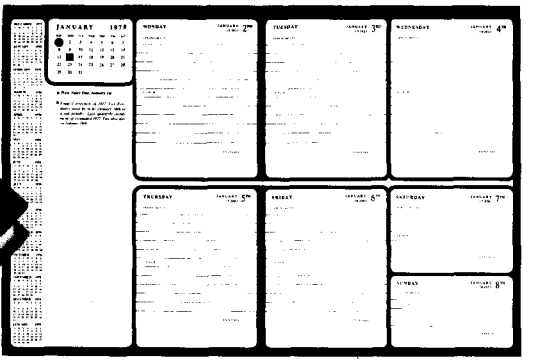

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Fine Arts

David Hare: American Surrealist

"Cronus Mad," 1975; from the collection of the artist

by Katharine Kuh

A BAFFLING, fantastic, and yet curiously thought-provoking exhibition currently at the Guggenheim Museum may shock some visitors with its unorthodox content. It will puzzle others with its fugitive confrontations of void and substance, space and form, all of which become unexpectedly interchangeable. Not least, its single-minded theme on the myth of Cronus adds further complexities as it turns from story-telling to visual philosophy. The exhibition of paintings, collages, drawings, and sculpture is the work of David Hare and represents a selection from the past 10 years, which he has devoted almost exclusively to Cronus, the father of Zeus.

This artist is an anomaly. Except for Joseph Cornell, he is the only entirely indigenous American surrealist. Others either have come to us from Europe or have spent long years there; still others make claim to the label, but more often are merely romantic imagists. It would seem that the vagaries of surrealism are alien to American sensibilities; but Hare, an early starter who was given his first one-man show in 1940, when he was twenty-three, has long been obsessed with the unconscious, and though his methods have changed stylistically, he is still immersed in the same exploration.

Initially he was influenced, but never slavishly, by various famous European surrealists, all of them considerably older than he. In fact, from 1942 to 1944, when the war brought numerous art celebrities from abroad to New York, he worked closely with Duchamp, Breton, and Ernst as the editor of *VVV*, a surrealist magazine that today is a collector's item. At one time he was married to Breton's ex-wife, which scarcely endeared him to the school's prime arbiter but which nonetheless brought him into its mainstream. The show at the Guggenheim, however, demonstrates how thoroughly Hare has freed himself from European domination, how much his work is his own, though he has remained a surrealist (scarcely an "in" movement these days). He is virtually developing a new surrealist vocabulary, especially where his sculpture is concerned.

The artist constructs his multicolored sculpture from familiar materials in combination with all manner of synthetic ones, while at the same time making paintings that skillfully incorporate areas of paper collage. Hare has developed a form of collage that needs no glass or other protection, the paper montage having become both physically and compositionally an integral part of the canvas. As for his drawings, they are rarely preliminary sketches; instead, they are corollary and often intimate extensions of the Cronus theme.

And precisely how does Hare envision this theme? He writes articulately about it: "I use that myth as a symbol, as a jumping-off place. Cronus was part man, part earth, part time." (And he might have added part wild animal.) "I use him as a symbol of growth through time. Primordial mud growing into life, growing into man but always remembering its beginnings. Cronus grows, and loves, and eats what he loves. Becomes old, and mad, and

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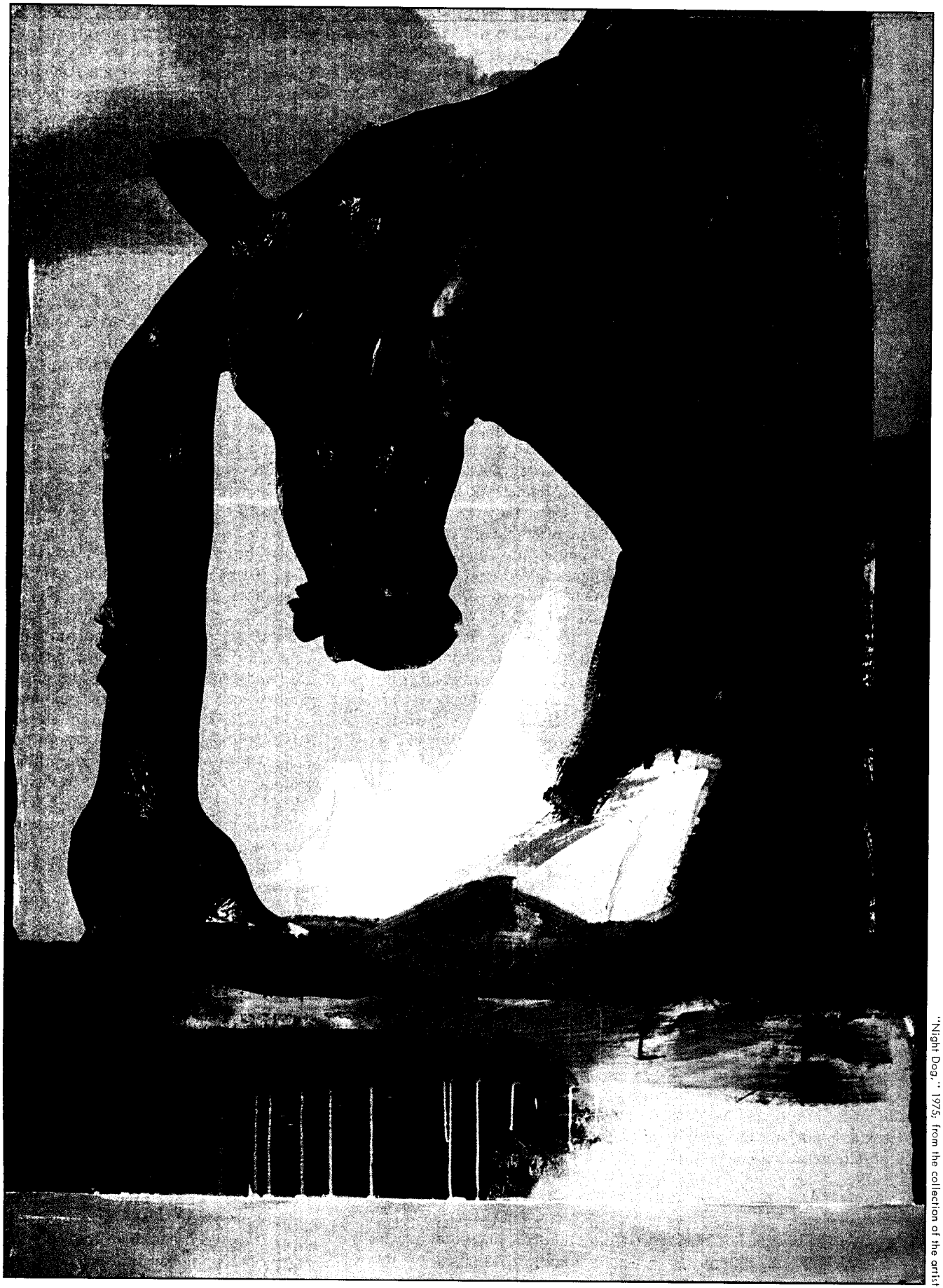

"Night Dog," 1975, from the collection of the artist

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wise, and dead, and alive again." In case you may have forgotten the myth, the father of Zeus was told that one of his 12 children would kill him. He then proceeded to consume 11 of them. Only Zeus escaped, and he in turn murdered his father, thus continuing the Cronus tradition in a new form. Like most myths, this one deals with elemental forces—with life, death, and a greed for time, for the chance of unending life. Hare claims that the idea for the Cronus series grew out of a random doodle that for some reason suggested the legend. It was not, of course, the myth as such that interested him, but its larger implications.

Cronus, who lived underground, represents, at least for Hare, our unconscious depths, our urge to become what we destroy and what we most fear. The entire series is about destruction, about the cycle of death and life; for with this artist it is death that comes first. In any case, he finds death and life one and the same. At a time when minimal abstractions and photorealistic paintings of daily sights are in vogue, nothing could be more alien than these haunting, semiliterary, semipsychic evocations. In addition, they are often violent and alive with a kind of nameless terror. Anxiety pervades them. Monstrous forms loom at us, but the images themselves are rarely explicit. The viewer must go after them. Hare once wrote, "Art does not exist in the work itself. It takes form at some point in the air between the work and the observer. The act of creation by the artist is incomplete without a like act on the part of the observer." This may be asking too much of viewers accustomed to more simplistic diets. Each work in the Cronus series is conceived on multiple levels and demands considerable unraveling.

For example, "Cronus Hermaphrodite," a large paint-and-collage canvas crowded by a single magnified figure, initially seems to project nothing more than an ungainly chimera, but on further study it reveals a human body with the erotic characteristics of both sexes. This disturbing fusion is accompanied by a doglike head and a suggestion of claws substituting for arms. Nothing is depicted literally, yet the painting becomes a composite summation of many life-forces. As Hare explains, "Cronus is not one thing—he's ambiguity," a statement even more true of a canvas entitled "Asleep in the Cave." This work, with its Jungian dichotomy, at first appears completely abstract. On closer view, two overlapping, almost amoebic creatures unwind, epitomizing two aspects of Cronus (or shall we say of man)—the first black and definite, the other blue, subdued, and hazy. One almost needs an art Baedeker to facilitate the trip from visual to interior experience.

Other compositions are easier to grasp. "Cronus Old" is an amorphous half-human, half-animal head, a presence already in the process of dissolution. Here even the paper collage has been applied with slight abrasions to suggest the wrinkles of age. "Young Monster" is, of course, the reverse—all male with its thrusting sexual attributes and bright, clear color. Now the collage is smooth, the future full of promise, with as yet no weary memories of children devoured. Pulsing with animal drive, the creature stalks the earth in mindless assurance.

At times the simplest gesture can convey meaning. Take a painting called "View from the Cave." What one sees are two projections reaching out of an abyss and up to cerulean space. The projections suggest stretching arms, half-reptilian and clawlike, half-human and pawlike. Emerging from below, they are parts of a recumbent monster that in some strange way metamorphoses into an erratic landscape. Double and triple vision are frequent with Hare. As he observed, Cronus is man and earth and above all a continuous round of destruction and re-creation. One need only read the daily newspaper to realize how apt is this definition, whether it refers to human beings individually or en masse. In "Cronus Descending," a barbaric face becomes a cross as well as a woman's foreshortened body. Here, in addition, are frank phallic symbols and a strong sense of vertical descent. Difficult to read? Yes, but engrossing because of a multiplicity of clues. Complicated by constant permutations of negative and positive elements, space becomes form, voids become solids and vice versa. Death becomes life and man becomes a conglomerate symbol of all evolution. Self-destruction in one way or another has long preoccupied Hare. As early as 1944 his bronze figure "Suicite," often considered the first authentic American surrealist sculpture, was already devoted to the idea. For him "Suicite" refers to a single member of a group dedicated to self-inflicted death.

For many years Hare was best known for his sculpture and for some time concentrated on this medium. Earlier he was a color photographer who experimented with what he called "heatage," a process by which he melted the negative in order to distort the final image. As always, he was concerned with "making the rational appear fantastic—the fantasy appear rational," which, to be sure, is not a new idea. Many surrealists, notably Dali, Magritte, and Ernst, were involved with making the unreal seem more real than realism. Most of the group relied on visual puns and multiple interchangeable images. Many of them, Hare included, borrowed freely from mythology. And why not? Dreams are, after all, the stuff that myths are made of. Before the Cronus series, Hare was at work on a sequence devoted to "Leda and the Swan."

In the Guggenheim exhibition there are 20 paintings, all relatively large and all, except one, done in acrylic and collage on canvas. A peculiarly primitive "Night Dog" is on Masonite, a hard, ungiving substance. The show also includes 10 drawings, sometimes in pencil, sometimes in ink, and often with collage added. At times these graphic works have a shorthand fluency that only a highly accomplished artist could have achieved. Five sculptures, again large, complete the exhibition and are undoubtedly the most difficult works to understand. The element of three-dimensionality plus a variety of materials—bronze, steel, Plexiglas, sand, epoxy, foam, and lead—make for bewildering amalgams.

The recent sculpture marks Hare's sharpest departure from past surrealist techniques and, by various superimpositions and transparencies, provides an expanded echo of the Cronus paintings: for void and solid—though often still indistinguishable—are at least more tangible. Deliberately awkward, these hulking compilations are made mobile by hidden rollers. Their insistent surface, textural, and color differentiations, their sharp angles and edges, their nonsculptural projections, produce a type of anti-sculpture that is almost more in tune with Dada than with surrealism.

In both his paintings and sculpture it is Hare's brutality, his rejection of Europe's surrealist refinements, that sets his late style apart. The same thing is true of his raw color and bold, free brushwork, the latter sometimes reminiscent of abstract expressionism. It is not surprising that Hare, as an artist based for much of his life in New York, was touched, if only superficially, by that seminal American movement. Though his psychological metaphors remain planted in traditional surrealism, his methods have been liberated. He operates with a controlled wildness.

Hare once wrote, "If a work of art appears as an old friend, if we are too much at ease in its presence, it is a failure. Art like life, is subversive." ◉

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THE $220,000.00 MAN

A New Opportunity For Personal & Financial Freedom

By Ernest Weckesser Ph.D.

Several years ago I stumbled across a siness that changed my life. Perhaps it ill change yours, too.

I discovered it while I was leafing rough some magazines in a drug store. s I continued to browze, I realized that l the magazines had one thing in com- on. Each contained dozens of ads sually in the back pages) selling ow-to" booklets, newsletters, instruc- ns, recipes . . . just about every kind of inted information you might imagine.

And, almost all the ads were placed by dividuals—not large companies.

This was too fascinating to resist. I cided to try a small test ad in one na- nal magazine for a small booklet I com- led. The ad cost $14.20.

A few days after the magazine was stributed, I stopped by the post office. hen I looked through the window of y postal box I almost dropped the key. e box was jammed—packed full of velopes. Hundreds of orders containing sh and checks!

As the months went by, I discovered at hundreds of other people are quietly ing the same thing.

• A Kentucky woman selling a 15-page vel booklet for $1.00 was literally amped with orders. In 87 days her clas- ed ad running in six magazines made a profit of $2,230.00 from a gross of ,250.00. She was 69 years of age, lowed and living alone in her apart- nt at the time.

• A husband-wife team in Oregon com- ed some of their experiences and finan- l advice in a modest booklet. They had printed locally and priced it at $10.00. en they put a small display ad in one wspaper. That one ad pulled $9,450.00 cash orders in only 45 days!

Don't misunderstand. This isn't a -rich-quick scheme. It's a business and, such, it's speculative.

But test ads are cheap.

And the profit potential is staggering.

An Ohio man I spoke with put a large play ad in a national Sunday supple- nt. A few days later the orders started aring in - mail sacks full of cash! hin the next two months he received r $220,000.00 in CASH ORDERS for $3.00 booklet!

I realize this all sounds too good to be e. But here's a way you can actually ify what I'm saying in your home or ice.

TRY THIS TEST

First, obtain several magazines containing classified ads. You don't have to buy them . . . just borrow them from the library.

Second, get old copies of the same magazines - at least 10-13 months old.

Third, turn to the classified sections of each and place the old copy beside the new copy.

Fourth, compare both. Cross-check each one to see how many ads in the old magazine are still running in the new edition.

THIS IS AN ABSOLUTE PROFIT TEST. It has to be. People don't continue running ads for over a year unless they're making a profit!

No great writing skill is necessary. You don't have to write a novel or a textbook—just simple instructions. My first effort was only 14 pages long and sold for $1.98. I had it run off by a local printer for eight cents a copy. Yet I made several thousand dollars from that one little stapled booklet.

• It's inexpensive to begin. I'll show you how to place a test ad in a national magazine for as little as $13.50.

• You don't have to write the booklet yourself. I'll show you where to get hundreds of different booklets at wholesale prices.

• Your profit margin may exceed 1,000%. My wine recipe book cost thirty-six cents to print yet sold for $3.98.

• Basically all you need is a post office box, a desk and a closet to store your booklets.

• Best of all, you can start this amazing little business on a shoe string. And, you can start at home . . . in your spare time.

I've put everything—every detail—in a simple step-by-step instruction program. It's entitled *Dollars in Your Mailbox.*

I'll show you . . .

• Where to advertise and how often.

• How to obtain national ads for as little as $13.50.

• Where to get hundreds of books wholesale.

• How and where to have your booklet printed for as little as twelve cents a copy.

• How to word your ad.

In sum, you'll receive all the forms, lists and details, you need to begin.

HERE ARE SOME READER COMMENTS

• *". . . Through the use of Dollars in Your Mailbox I started my own publication. It sold 402 copies in just five days . . . "*

J.J., California

• *"Super! I'm converting 22% of my inquiries using a classified ad in Rolling Stone magazine."*

T.M., Maryland

• *"Excellent! I've gotten 600 subscribers to my newsletter in the first year . . . "*

V.J., Missouri

• *"You must forgive my exuberance but I haven't been able to put down Dollars in Your Mailbox."*

A.H., California

• *. . . the enclosed booklet is one I had printed and have done WELL with . . . Thanks to you!"*

R.D., Pennsylvania

• *"I can honestly say that your book is the best I've ever read!"*

G.R., Arizona

Again, this is not a get-rich-quick scheme. Obviously you're not going to make a million over night. But this crazy little business *does* work.

We'll be happy to send you a copy of *Dollars in your Mailbox* for 60 days *without obligation.* A full *two months!*

You'll have plenty of time to read it . . . and *try* it. If you're not satisfied simply return the book and I'll send you a full refund *within 3 working days*—no nonsense, no delays.

Our offices are located in Dunkirk, New York. We belong to the Dunkirk Chamber of Commerce. Our telephone number is 716-366-8300. We're there from 9-5 on weekdays.

To receive your copy, just write the title, *Dollars in your Mailbox, on a piece of paper and send it to Green Tree Press, 10576 Temple Road, Dept. 90, Dunkirk, New York 14048, together with your check or money order for $9.95. If you wish AIR MAIL delivery, please add one dollar. Or you may charge it to your MasterCharge or Visa account. For extra* fast service, call us at 716-366-8300 and, give us the credit card information over the phone.

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Music to My Ears

Schubert: The Melody and the Misery

by Irving Kolodin

DIETRICH FISCHER-DIESKAU, the great German baritone, is a living anomaly—and a welcome one in this world of convention and conformity, not to say confusion. He has made a great success of being choosy and discriminating in the material he sings. He is tall, handsome, scholarly, and imaginative. He is hardworking, painstaking, and seemingly spontaneous in the results he achieves. He has even challenged the contradictory worlds of the concert stage and the opera house.

Now, as if to breach all remaining clichés of the interpreter as a creature of impulse, operating on temperament and drive alone, he has created, along with Kenneth S. Whitton as translator, an English-language version of his 1971 German publication, *Auf den Spuren der Schubert-Lieder*. In its new form as published by Alfred A. Knopf, it is called *Schubert's Songs: A Biographical Study*. The contents more than fulfill the promise of the title. The widespread stereotype of Schubert as the compulsive, unlettered, essentially bohemian embodiment of a God-given endowment will never be the same for those who follow Fischer-Dieskau's exposition through 300 pages of closely reasoned, artfully expounded narrative.

To a degree, the text deals with material similar to that found in an earlier *Schubert's Songs*, by the English critic Richard Capell, which was published in 1928 and revised in 1957. But the point of view is as different as the vocations of the two writers. Capell's exposition is essentially that of the reflective listener; Fischer-Dieskau's comprehension speaks the mind of the active interpreter with three decades' immersion in the material, including the staggering feat of recording, with his great pianistic partner Gerald Moore, more than 450 Schubert songs in three Deutsche Grammophon volumes.

Musical and poetic insights are to be expected, and they are present in truly Schubertian abundance. But unlike some of his colleagues' (ranging from George Henschel on Brahms to Aksel Schiøtz on Schumann), Fischer-Dieskau's thoughts are only incidentally related to vocal problems. When he alludes to the latter, as in a discussion of "Du bist die Ruh," it is to assist the achievement of Schubert's poetic purpose rather than to give pointers to an aspiring vocalist: "On the repetition, the high G is a *diminuendo*, something often overlooked, because of the general difficulties of execution. However, Schubert is not singing to an audience out over the prompter's box, he is singing rather to the inner soul."

Often Fischer-Dieskau's perceptions convey the mental concepts that animate

Deutsche Grammophon

Fischer-Dieskau—"A living anomaly."

his own performances. In the instance of "Greisengesang," he observes: "The *forte* chords on which the song surprisingly closes . . . are like the firm shutting of a door guarding its possessions within against any attack." On the world-famous "Ständchen" ("Serenade"), a product of 1828, Schubert's last year, Fischer-Dieskau comments: "The charm of the song has guaranteed its universal popularity, not always to the advantage of the performance. Here again a sensuous lyricism must not be confused with a continuous *forte*. Yet this work, too, was written in a vale of tears." But, says the author in a footnote, technical advice "could lead to misunderstandings, which is the reason why, in this book, such advice or suggestions . . . have largely been avoided."

What is rather less expectable, and therefore all the more prizable, are Fischer-Dieskau's observations on the relationship of Schubert and his infinitely varied output to the circle of which he was a part. In the case of the twenty-two-year-old Schubert's setting of Goethe's *Prometheus*, which he endowed with a dynamic power and a harmonic impulse that pointed a creative way for both Richard Wagner and Hugo Wolf to follow, Fischer-Dieskau observes: "His friends, who saw their happy Franz principally as a kind-hearted, innocent, modest man, inclined to laziness, must have been astounded by these glimpses of territory as yet untrodden. That is why, for all their affection, they were never entirely happy with the uncompromising Schubert of the *Winterreise* or of the great Goethe-lieder."

Indeed, as the author makes note, when Schubert first auditioned the deeply personal *Winterreise* cycle for his close friends in 1828, the only song singled out for praise by his closest friend, Schober (author of the text for *An die Musik*), was the marvelous but atypical "Der Lindenbaum."

Constantly woven into the texture that is the backdrop to Fischer-Dieskau's enlivening discussion of the songs in their chronological sequence of creation are excerpts from letters, diaries, and other personal documents that illuminate the circumstances of Schubert's life. His father, a schoolteacher by trade, wanted his son to follow that profession and forbade him the parental house when he refused. Impractical and absorbed in his work, Schubert lived with, or on, friends who knew his worth. The one girl he truly loved (Therese Grob) followed her father's judgment that Schubert was no fit prospect for a husband and married a baker.

Fischer-Dieskau is too consistently faithful in his devotion to the great, greater, and greatest Schubert not to overrate the less, lesser, and least of the songs. "Manneristic and boring" is his term for one; the "poet's platitudes become musical banalities as well" is his judgment on another. Needless to say, such negative appraisals are encountered infrequently; rather more often there are references to such neglected masterpieces as "An mein Herz," of which Fischer-Dieskau writes, "This completely unknown jewel may be confidently recommended to any lover of the *Winterreise* who does not yet know it." And in keeping with his overriding admiration for that great cycle (which he will sing in New York, Chicago, and Montreal next March in commemoration of the one hundred fiftieth anniversary of Schubert's death), Fischer-Dieskau traces with particular care the circumstances in which the setting for Wilhelm Müller's poems

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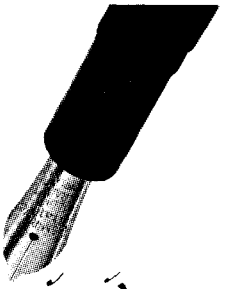
came about in Schubert's last months of life.

Unlike Capell, who says of Schubert's last days that "his illness and breakdown are mysterious," Fischer-Dieskau isolates late 1822 as the time in which Schubert's health began to deteriorate and cites a "venereal disease" as the cause. Others of course have also reported the facts as they exist historically, but Otto Erich Deutsch's *The Schubert Reader* tells us why the diagnosis could not have been more specific: "A clear distinction between gonorrhea and syphilis was made possible only in 1837–38 by Philippe Ricord, the chief surgeon of the Hôpital du Midi for syphilitics in Paris." In the six years that followed the diagnosis of his malady, Schubert's confidences in letters to his closest friends that he was "the unhappiest, most miserable person in the entire world" whose "health will never improve" can be read only with sadness and wonder. Agonies of headaches vied with remissions, but the tide of music, tranquil as well as stormy, flowed on to a climax, in 1828, that Fischer-Dieskau describes as "positively frightening." Death itself, from typhoid fever, came finally to a body weakened beyond all resistance.

The interplay of melody and misery that courses through Fischer-Dieskau's pages will be read for years to come. As the translation is copyrighted in his name as well as in Whitton's, the presumption must be that it met with Fischer-Dieskau's approval, though it sometimes impresses me as a paraphrase rather than as a literal rendering of the original. As an instance, Schubert's famous query on meeting a new acquaintance, "Kann er was?" is translated as "Is he any good?"—which may be puzzling to readers not aware that he was asking, "What can he do?"

In a chapter entitled "Post Mortem," Fischer-Dieskau provides a valuable historical résumé of publications about Schubert and also a forecast of the forthcoming Bärenreiter edition, which promises to be the most comprehensive, *and* accurate, of all. Following this is a causerie of which only Fischer-Dieskau could be capable: a treatise on his colleagues, past and present, titled "Some Interpreters." However, when he says, apropos Anna Milder-Hauptmann, the great Leonore of Beethoven's *Fidelio*, to whom Schubert dedicated the flowing *Der Hirt auf dem Felsen*: "Her versatility astounds us today, for what Leonore would dare to attempt the coloraturas of *Der Hirt auf dem Felsen*?" I am tempted to cross-question, "How about Christa Ludwig?" (Who has recorded both.) Even her name does not appear on the list of the *forty* "most distinguished performers of today."

As a perfect adjunct to this basic work, Knopf has also issued *The Fischer-Dieskau Book of Lieder*, containing 750 German texts admirably translated by George Bird and Richard Stokes. The collection, ranging through composers from Carl Philipp Emanuel Bach to Winfried Zillig, is prefaced by a résumé of the subject in which, within 17 printed pages, Fischer-Dieskau puts every major composer's contribution to it concisely, and precisely, in place. The arrangement of texts is by titles (or first lines where a title is lacking), and there are three indexes: by composer, by poet, and by title. As a curiosity, Schubert's "Ave Maria" is here in its proper alphabetical place, whereas in Fischer-Dieskau's *Schubert's Songs* one must know it is part of *Ellens Gesang* (from Walter Scott's *Lady of the Lake*) to track down a reference to it. ◉



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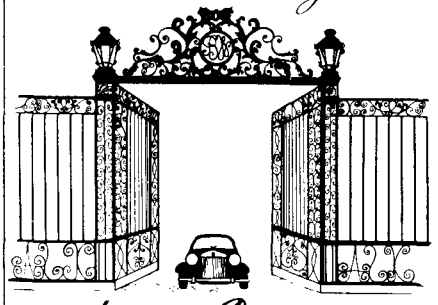

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Dance

An Invitation to Dance

by Walter Terry

If you catch a Broadway-bound show on the road, you know, or should know, that you are witnessing a work in progress. New numbers, perhaps not fully rehearsed, are rushed in to replace those that have been tried and found wanting. But even if audiences in San Francisco or Los Angeles are not seeing what Broadway will get—hopefully in polished, final form—they are caught up in a curious atmosphere that can have electrifying moments, for something is being created almost before their eyes. I felt some of these electric shocks, along with some dulling disappointments, at San Francisco's Orpheum Theater, where Liza Minnelli was giving her all to a new show, *Shine It On*,* with music and lyrics by her favorite team of collaborators, John Kander and Fred Ebb.

It wouldn't be proper for me to pass judgment on the merits and demerits of the new show at this point; nor is it in my province to review a new musical play in toto. But I can do it in part: in dance part. Miss Minnelli, however celebrated she may be as a singer, is most certainly a dancer, and an exceptionally good dancer at that. In *Shine It On* she dances strenuously and, I might add, brilliantly throughout. Even when she is simply singing, she almost always embroiders the song with danced gesture. Her famous mother, Judy Garland, was a pretty nifty dancer at times, but with her, dancing was an adjunct necessary to show biz. With Liza, rhythmic movement is at the core of her performance. This is very evident in a great number best described as a "pole dance," a company routine for four dancing boys and three dancing girls plus Liza, in which the performers move up, down, and around a set of vertical poles planted onstage, with a central pole that rises and falls pneumatically. The dancers slide on the poles, embrace them in various patterns, and glide down them in the classical ballet pattern known as *attitude*. The patterns, semi-gymnastic but surprisingly lyrical, are really quite lovely.

In "Arthur in the Afternoon," a duet Miss Minnelli performs with Roger Minami, who plays Arthur, she is portrayed as a housewife who is not averse to a roll in the hay in the afternoon. This number, which she dances superbly and sings lustily, is a perfect example of the integration of song, dance, and staging. Moving on and along a set of sturdy boxes, the two engage in actions that are never lewd but that employ a series of deliciously choreographed clinches. These fancy positions clearly tell the tale of a predatory dame and her quarry. The number, of course, is revue material; its beat is jazz and its purpose humor, but in substance it is not too remote from the Jocasta-Oedipus contortions on the tormented, sculptured golden bed in Martha Graham's *Night Journey*.

Which brings me to the choreographer of *Shine It On*, Ron Lewis. Some of the "road" critics have dismissed his work as being "too Las Vegas." I'm not at all certain that it's "too" anything. Certainly, it's Las Vegas. That's where Ron Lewis comes from; this is his first Broadway show. But what, pray, is so bad about Las Vegas-style choreography in a show that is about a nightclub singer? The criticism is pure snobbery.

Ron Lewis is a first-rate choreographer in the genre of dancing essential to this show. He's a real find, a real talent. He's an artistic (and theatrical) descendant of the late Jack Cole, and you can't do much better than that. The show, in fact, sometimes uses Cole's familiar low, slinky walk, the hip-out and one-arm-raised stance, and the famous knee-slides. But this is only vocabulary. Lewis puts it together his own way. The look of it is frenetic, but the quality is, somehow, innocently forthright. Furthermore, he achieves throughout the show a remarkable collaborative rapport by adding physical extensions to Kander's musical patterns and rhythms (themselves irresistible invitations to the dance), and gestural visualization to either the content or the intent of Ebb's lyrics. The pertinent freneticisms I've mentioned are not permitted to run rampant. To the contrary, Lewis sometimes freezes his dancers midway in a song, as if he would have them await the outcome of a lyric before commenting on it in dance. The technique is similar to the way the chorus in classical Greek drama reacts to the progress of the plot or responds to the actions of the protagonist (played, in *Shine It On*, by Miss Minnelli). In style, the Lewis touch may be more Las Vegas than ancient Athens, but in substance it is just as sound.

Whatever the fate of *Shine It On* in pre-Broadway testing and doctoring or in final form on Broadway itself, two important facts are indisputable: Liza Minnelli is a dancer; Ron Lewis is a choreographer. Both are remarkably talented and display their special gifts to advantage in *Shine It On*.

Success is not necessarily synonymous with Broadway acceptance. Stature, possibly, but success, no. Carlos De La Cámara is a very good example. He has performed in New York, in Canada, and in Europe and has been well received; in San Juan, however, he has been a smashing success. Bigger-name stars come and go, but Carlos De La Cámara and his Flamenco Festival have both outdrawn and outstayed some of the "biggies." In his most recent engagement, at the Condado Holiday Inn, he and his company have performed six nights a week for nine months.

But is making it in a nightclub really making it? The great Argentinita started in cafés and returned to them from time to time without apology. Pavlova most certainly preferred to dance in a concert program composed entirely of ballets and dances from her repertory rather than in vaudeville on a bill with jugglers, trained seals, and comics; but wherever she performed and whatever was performed afterward, the artist was still the artist. Of course Carlos De La Cámara prefers concert dance to nightclubs. "For the clubs," he says, "it's got to be almost all flamenco for concert programs I can do Spanish classical dancing, school dances, regional dances, and it is more rewarding for me artistically. Still, I don't let down for the club dates. I dance as hard and try to dance as well; the difference is that the material must be faster, a little flashier."

For the Condado, the high point of De La Cámara's program is his solo "Zapateado," the gypsy tour de force for the male (although such fabulous Spanish gypsy female stars as Carmen Amaya excel in it, too). Dressed all in white, with a spotlight focusing on him or his legs or just his feet, he produces an intricate array of foot beats. Sometimes De La Cámara's beat is gentle, making the lullaby murmur

Continued on page 4

*As *SR* went to press, the title of Liza Minnelli's show was changed to *The Act*.

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Television

The Barbie Doll as Sex Symbol

by Karl E. Meyer

The most popular series on television last season was *Charlie's Angels*. Its remarkable ratings were due in part to the fact that Farrah Fawcett-Majors, one of its three starlet-heroines, has become America's reigning sex symbol. For a while, it was impossible to pass a newsstand without seeing Miss Fawcett-Majors's face and hairdo on the cover of a half-dozen magazines. But as all the world knows, Miss Fawcett-Majors is now an ex-Angel, having defected from her network, and ABC is nervously awaiting the popular response to her successor, Cheryl Ladd.

I have nothing against Miss Fawcett-Majors, and I prefer to believe that she quit the show because she could no longer endure its unremitting imbecility. Not even the *Six Million Dollar Man*, starring her husband, Lee Majors, is so implausibly plotted and so quintessentially witless. Last season's *Charlie's Angels* was an extended car chase held together by two-way pocket radios, skateboards, and Angel's hair. Charlie, the private eye who employs the three Angels, was never seen on camera; I am sure it was because he was ashamed to show his face.

What accounted for the show's extraordinary popularity and Miss Fawcett-Majors's startling impact? These are interesting questions that cannot be answered simply. My own hypothesis is that the show represents a triumph of product engineering that enables the pre-teen consumer to move from the playroom to the living room; the kids respond because the cars are like Hot Wheels and the Angels are like Barbie dolls—with a whiff of sanitized sex thrown in to ensnare the grown-ups. Miss Fawcett-Majors, if I am correct, illustrates a new phenomenon: the trans-generational sex goddess.

Like automobiles, sex goddesses come in new models, the trend now being to longer bodies, styling for all the family, and teeth that gleam like chrome grillwork. During the 1920s and 1930s, the vamp was an established Hollywood sex symbol. She was usually a European import (Marlene Dietrich, Garbo, Hedy Lamarr), and even on the screen she seemed to exude a dark perfume.

Later came a distinctly American invention: the good-bad girl. The species was classically defined in 1950 by two psychologists, Martha Wolfenstein and Nathan Leites, in an article titled "The Good-Bad Girl":

> She is a good girl who appears to be bad. She does not conceal her apparent badness, and uncertainty about her character may persist through the greater part of the film. The hero suspects she is bad, but finally discovers this was a mistaken impression. Thus he has a girl who has attracted him by an appearance of wickedness, and whom in the end he can take home and introduce to Mother.

Among the good-bad girls were Rita Hayworth (*Gilda*), Ava Gardner (*The Barefoot Contessa*), and Marilyn Monroe (*The Seven-Year Itch*). Like the vamps, all possessed and even gloried in an overt sexuality; but in the end each usually turned out to be like the girl next door. Thus Lauren Bacall, a very good-bad girl, always got Humphrey Bogart when it became apparent, just before the finale, that she would not sleep with any man who merely whistled.

The earlier models of sex goddesses were designed to appeal only to post-teens; the Barbie doll is the product of television's quest for a larger audience. I must credit this insight to James Monaco, who has elaborated on the subject in a cogent article in the excellent British film quarterly *Sight and Sound*. Monaco's examples of Barbie doll sex symbols include Miss Fawcett-Majors, Lindsay Wagner (the Bionic Woman), Mary Tyler Moore, and Cher. In Cher's case, there is in fact a Cher doll on the market, complete with navel and an endlessly expensive wardrobe. Farrah is not far behind. There are already two toy items: a doll and a Farrah "head," the latter prompted by the popularity of the Fawcett-Majors coiffure.

But there is a more arresting point. These sex symbols are not only tall, skinny, toothy, and hirsute; they each display a certain wry wit about orthodox sex roles. Though they are "good" girls, they are also saucy girls. (Indeed, their private lives, as exhaustively reported in supermarket gazettes, can be unconventional, as is certainly the case with Cher.) Monaco perceptively remarks:

> Like the structure of *Charlie's Angels* itself, Farrah's notoriety is an ironic and paradoxical mix of old and new values. She's sexy, cute, girlish, obedient, and knows her place, but she's also (mildly) comic and manages to communicate a hint of irony about this traditional role.

In short, she's safe and transgenerational, but not solemn. She's the sex goddess of the 1970s—a Barbie doll brought to life, with prerecorded repartee. I hope, however, that Miss Fawcett-Majors may find time to meditate on a poignant comment made by Marilyn Monroe a week before her death: "A sex symbol becomes a thing. I just hate being a thing." Far better to be a fallen Angel. ◉

Wit Twister No. 103

Edited by Arthur Swan

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word. Answers on page 52.

The years ___ ___ ___ ___ slowly on,
till we conceive

Of all of ___ ___ ___ ___ as one long
downward trend—

A drab procession one as ___ ___ ___
___ would leave
As follow dully to its dreary end.

A. S.

Fraser Young
Literary Crypt No. 92

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer on page 53.

BSL PLXB NFIB CR BSL RDEBDCV DV JFVA VCYLUX DX BSL VCBDEL BSFB BSL ESFIFEBLIX FIL NHILUA DJFKDVFIA.

—R.N.F.

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Artsletter

Mid-Atlantic Man

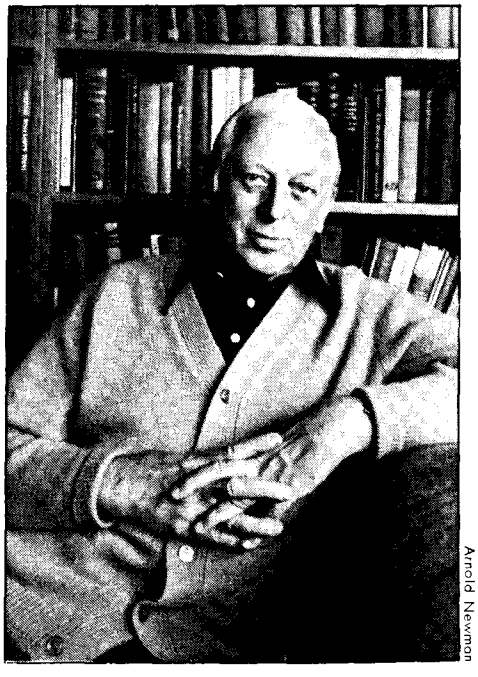
by Roland Gelatt

NO MATTER what his birth certificate or passport may declare, Alistair Cooke passes for an outsider on either shore of the Atlantic. The British regard him as a bona fide American, in accent no less than in outlook, who has been broadcasting words of wisdom and wit from the United States for longer than most listeners can remember. Americans, on the other hand, look upon him as a gracious English gentleman—transplanted and naturalized, to be sure, but nonetheless certifiably foreign in speech and manners—who is everybody's favorite commentator on the customs and caprices of his native countrymen.

Do I hear objections that these generalities are too sweeping? Very well. No doubt most Britons are dimly aware that Cooke's ties with the old country remain strong enough to have earned him the title of honorary Knight Commander of the Order of the British Empire, just as sustained exposure to his award-winning TV series and best-selling book will by now have convinced most Americans that this honorary KCOBE has an astonishingly acute fix on the lay of their land. But granting these disclaimers, we are still left with an image of Cooke in double focus: the archetypal mid-Atlantic man, suspended between two cultures that are separated not only by an ocean but also—Bernard Shaw observed—by a common language.

Can it be mere coincidence that the cast of Alistair Cooke's new book, *Six Men* (Knopf, $8.95), is split equally between Britons and Americans? The author denies any conscious attempt to strike a balance; it just happens that Charles Chaplin, Edward VIII, and Bertrand Russell were born on one side of the ocean, while Humphrey Bogart, H. L. Mencken, and Adlai Stevenson were born on the other. In any event, a more unlikely set of bookfellows would be hard to imagine. What turns them into a harmonious sextet, at least for the length of this book, is the happenstance that Cooke came to know them all beyond the call of journalistic duty (though he is quick to define his relationship with Edward VIII as that of "nodding acquaintance"). There is no pretense here of setting down the life stories of these men in exhaustive detail. Cooke is content simply to sketch some striking vignettes of six public faces as they appeared to him in a variety of private places.

In the process we learn more than a little about the author himself. Why was he, a recent Cambridge graduate in the summer of 1932, chatting with the future



Arnold Newman

Alistair Cooke—"An astonishingly acute fix on the lay of our land."

Edward VIII in the recesses of St. James's Palace? Because he had just won a Commonwealth Fund fellowship to study theater in America, and it was the prince's pleasure to receive Commonwealth Fellows before they went off on their scholarly pursuits. And how did he find himself, one year later, on a yacht near Catalina Island as the guest of Charles Chaplin? Because, with a summer to fill between a year at Yale and another year at Harvard, he had persuaded the London *Observer* that he was just the man to write a series on Hollywood for the paper. What first brought him into the broadcasting studio? Well, the articles on Hollywood got him a job back in London as the BBC's film critic, which in turn led to an assignment to broadcast a weekly *London Letter* to the United States for the National Broadcasting Company. Who, then, should be tapped to provide NBC's round-the-clock coverage of Edward VIII's abdication in 1936? None other, of course, than our hero, who pockets the proceeds from this lucrative stint and returns to America for keeps in 1937.

Six Men is lightly larded with this kind of autobiographical seasoning—enough to make this reader yearn for more. Sitting with Cooke in his study high above Central Park a few weeks before publication day, I wondered aloud whether the new book might possibly be a dress rehearsal for a full-scale autobiography to come. The question elicited a shudder. "No, no. I would never do an autobiography. Really, I collapse with boredom at the thought of saying, 'I was born and then I grew up and then I did this and then I did that.' The prospect of all that makes me yawn."

Were there any other books in the pipeline? "Not really. But I'll tell you what I do have in mind. Twelve years ago I was invited to give the annual address at the Mayo Clinic. They always get outsiders to do this, and they wrote to explain that I didn't have to talk about medicine. I wrote back and said I've been waiting all my life to have a go at doctors, and it most certainly will be about medicine. So I gave a talk called 'The Patient Has the Floor.' Because of that piece, which was published in the *Mayo Clinic Bulletin*, I got an invitation to give the annual discourse, as it's called, to the Royal College of Physicians. I delivered a layman's report on hypochondriasis. Well, that led to a series of lectures before various other learned societies—always about their own specialties. I believe there may be the makings of a book in these dozen or so talks. They're not all about medicine, but they do have this in common: I am cast in the role of a layman talking to the College of Cardinals."

Once again this season Cooke is presenting the forewords and afterwords to *Masterpiece Theater* on PBS, but there are no large-scale television projects on the agenda. "Quite the contrary, I'm trying to relax. I hope now to have some time to myself—time to do more reading. But the one assignment I'll never give up, the thing I love doing most of all, is my weekly BBC talk."

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This calls for a brief digression. A few years back, I had the disconcerting experience of accompanying Alistair Cooke on a stroll through central London. We had lunched near Grosvenor Square and had decided to walk for a bit before hailing a cab. No sooner had we turned into the square than a middle-aged man, quite probably a civil servant, rushed over to shake my companion's hand. "Mr. Cooke," he said, "I just have to tell you how much we enjoy your Sunday morning broadcasts at home. Why, we look upon you almost as a member of the family." Our progress was interrupted by variations on that theme from something like a dozen well-wishers as we made our way toward Hyde Park Corner. All of London, it seemed, looked upon Alistair Cooke as a member of the family.

The program that prompted this surge of camaraderie from the normally reticent British pedestrian was *Letter from America*, a weekly chat that has been on the air for more than 30 years. Cooke began the series on March 31, 1946, for a trial run of 13 weeks, and he has been at it ever since—for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health—discoursing on whatever has piqued his interest during the preceding seven days. Often he pays scant attention to the week's major headlines. The talks are not meant to supply a comprehensive gloss on the news. Rather they are spoken essays—discursive in content, personal in approach, usually lighthearted in tone, and seemingly impromptu in delivery—about the threads and textures of life in America. Says Cooke:

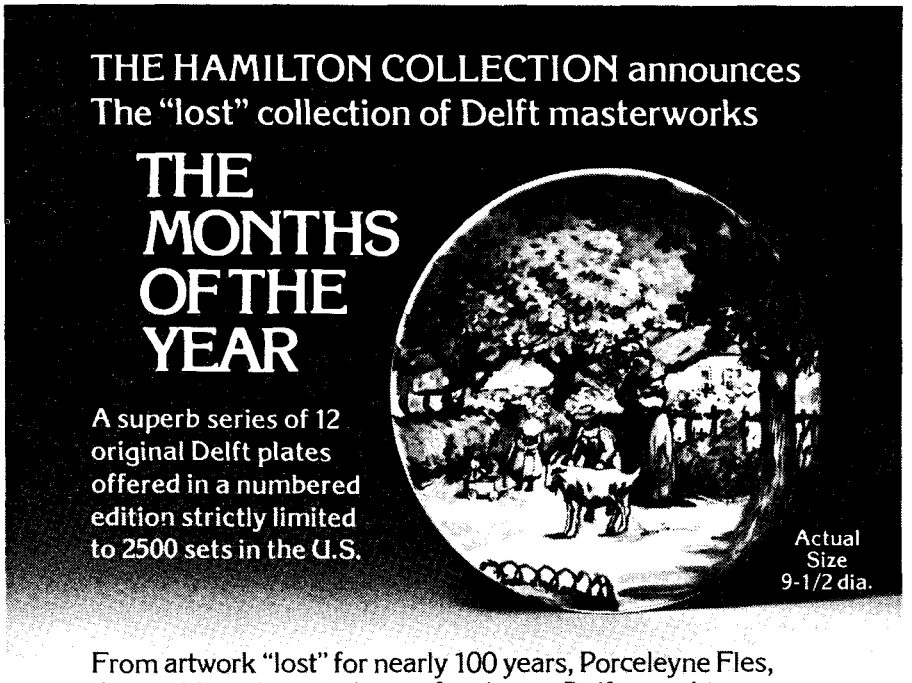
"This business of writing for talking and then making it sound like talk is a little art which I've really worked on down the years. I first began to think about it during the war. New York was full of distinguished refugees then, and a lot of them came to broadcast for the BBC, which had set up its own studio here. I had an office at the BBC in those days, and I often went in to eavesdrop on these various eminences. Well, listening to them, I noticed that they might do very good lectures or very good essays, or indifferent lectures or indifferent essays, but none of them was doing a *talk*, and it had never crossed the minds of these great men—and it has crossed the minds of very few journalists or writers, for that matter—that writing for talking is an enormously challenging and exciting art form in itself. The ultimate compliment I can get—and I've had it from the queen down, I may add—is the shock of disbelief when people learn that I read from a script.

"Why am I so fond of this program? First of all, there's the privilege of being able to talk for a quarter of an hour to someone in a room. Anyone. The idea of saying something which moves a carpenter or a grocer and a chief justice equally is the perennial challenge. The talk for me has always been a tremendous discipline —forcing me to write simply and vividly. It sort of rinses out your brain of jargon.

"When I began doing *Letter from America* more than thirty years ago, I'd make notes during the week of the various things that I might want to talk about. Then very subtly the whole system changed. I came to realize that you don't set up an agenda to talk to somebody in a room. You just start talking. Today when I begin to write a BBC talk—and it never takes me more than two hours—I haven't the remotest notion of what I'm going to say. I start off by typing the words 'Good evening.' After that it's really a question of trusting the unconscious. Freud said that the unconscious has a logic all its own. Well, I begin with the first thing that comes to mind—generally something that occurred during the week. I don't know where it's going, but it leads into this and that, and the thing begins to take form. Oh, I do sometimes wander all over the damn place, but then you do in talk. If it has an inner suspense, people can stay with it."

The *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, describing the art of the essay, puts it neatly: "a seeming formlessness held in by an invisible chain." No one today welds that invisible chain more adroitly than Alistair Cooke in his weekly BBC talks.

At this point readers may be wondering how they have missed hearing *Letter from America* all these years. There is a good reason. The program has never been carried on local stations in this country. But that is no longer cause for despair. Any radio with a shortwave band can tune it in easily. The BBC now broadcasts its World Service programs from London via powerful relay transmitters in Antigua and Canada. *Letter from America* comes through loud and clear on the 49-meter band at 9:15 A.M. on Sundays and 7:15 P.M. on Mondays (the times are eastern daylight time, and from October 30 they will be one hour earlier). I try never to miss it. Why, Alistair Cooke seems almost like a member of the family. ◉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Booked for Travel

Cruising the Nutmeg Valley

Wilson H. Brownell

Goodspeed Opera House—"Some would say a museum of American musical comedy."

by Horace Sutton

ENTRUSTED with such a mission, a resolute paddler, stout of arm and determined of purpose, could follow the Connecticut River north to its source 400 miles away in the nether reaches of New Hampshire, on the border with Quebec. The river would only be a little better than a trickle by then, although down near its mouth, where it empties into Long Island Sound at Saybrook Point, Connecticut, it is a majestic force, greening the Connecticut River valley and sprinkling it with villages that grew up when the river trade was brisk.

Barges still move oil up to Hartford, Connecticut's epicenter, but in the old days traffic was heavier. River steamers carried freight and travelers (some bent on business, others on pleasure) from New York to Hartford, and they made stops at Saybrook, Deep River, Lyme, and East Haddam. Long before steam, as early as 1655, a ferry crossed from Rocky Hill to Glastonbury. It hasn't stopped since. The ferry that connects Chester and Hadlyme came much later, in 1769, and so it is only the second oldest ferry in operation on the river.

The steamships and a supplemental rail line inspired some industrialists of the day to establish shipbuilding yards. Farther upriver, at Middle Haddam, near Middletown, ships were not only built but dispatched in trade to London and to China.

Merchants and pleasure travelers who cruised the Connecticut River valley were inspiration enough for others to build fine inns. Some of the inns, as well as the tradition for stylish innkeeping, survive to this day. Essex, that candy-box town where the *Oliver Cromwell*, a Connecticut warship marked for Revolutionary service, was built in 1776, is as famous for its trim, clipped lawns and streets as it is for its Griswold Inn. The inn opened in 1776, the first three-story frame structure to be built in Connecticut. It is still serving its celebrated "1776 sausages," a name it has registered and which product, it avers, is made according to a recipe that is over 200 years old.

In the War of 1812, after burning the Essex fleet, the British officers disported in style at the Griswold. Having had but five owners since it opened, the Griswold owns a reputation as firm today as when the British officers made it their choice in 1812. Aside from its 1776 sausages, it does Yankee pot roast, serves a brace of quail with bulgar wheat, fries Ipswich clams, and even—no Revolutionary dish this—chops chicken livers.

Thomas Ladd bought the Griswold in 1883, determined to make it a "first-class Temperance Hotel." His family held it until 1972, assembling, in that long stewardship, an extraordinary collection of marine art, firearms, and an assortment of steamboat bells, binnacles, and other bric-a-brac. The Gris, as it is known among its habitués, changed from a stagecoach-and-steamboat stop to a country inn. Far from the Ladd concept of a Temperance Hotel, it now has one of the most inviting saloons available within a day's journey of New York. A potbellied stove warms the customers if the spirits fail, a vintage popcorn machine detonates kernels in a far corner, and the drink pourers work behind a huge steamboat Gothic bar.

As with many inns in New England and in France, the downstairs emphasis here is heavier than that for the lodgings above. The Gris can offer 20 rooms, but not all come with a private bath. If that's an inconvenience, perhaps it will be offset by the comfort of knowing that no groups are accepted.

Just west of Essex, at the crossroads called Ivoryton, the Copper Beech Inn is an establishment that the Michelin people, were they combing these woods, would surely certify as "worth a detour." Its restaurant is ambitious and, for these parts, extraordinary. It follows the French habit of plunking down a restaurant of note at a *carrefour* of which no one had ever heard before.

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In this instance, a reformed businessman whose wife harbored a predilection for good cuisine retired to Connecticut. Together they rescued a building about to be burned as a practice exercise for the local fire department and transformed it into a flaming gastronomic heaven. Among the specialties: glazed boneless stuffed game hen, a fish mousse in brioche, twin baby trout in mustard sauce, and a pistachio nut parfait in caramel sauce.

Flowers abound in the lobby and on the Victorian stairs—enough to decorate the funeral of a capo. Napkins are twisted and placed like Viking horns in the wine glasses. And while one waits for a table, cocktails are served in a converted greenhouse. Howard Johnson's it isn't. Or Luther Burbank's, either.

The boat people who come ashore at Saybrook Point are in nightly convention at the Black Swan Restaurant, a part of the Black Swan Marina. A rakishly drafted compound, with hard-edge lines creasing the view of the river as it becomes one with Long Island Sound, Black Swan has facilities for selling a yacht or—at the Quarterdeck—a bowl of chowder. The Ugly Duckling scoops up ice cream. Tweeds & Tees keeps a rack of clothes for the sporty. Black Swan Restaurant sells its meat for private larders, or it will do up an assortment of beef—broiled, sautéed, and roasted.

There is a local edition of The Chart House, this one in a hundred-year-old brush works in Chester, off Route 9 at Exit 6. A done-over factory where 15 workers were paid less than 40 cents an hour to make janitorial brushes, the premises are now occupied by wayfarers who sit under the lathes, slicing into teriyaki steaks or chops at $6 and $7 a copy.

Things are changed, too, up at East Haddam, where William Goodspeed once built steam gunboats for the Union forces in the Civil War. The war over, he organized a steamship line, a natural evolution of his trade, his river steamers carrying goods and summer visitors up the Connecticut. Vying with another steamboat line, Goodspeed, with his hotel, called Gelston House, was losing out to the boats that put in at a different dock, at Upper Landing, which could offer the fashionable Champion House.

To tip the balance, Goodspeed decided to build an opera house, a grand Victorian extravaganza at the very edge of the river. The theater was decorated with gold leaf; the balcony, suspended on narrow rods. A fanfare of Victorian rococo, it opened October 24 one hundred and one years ago. Goodspeed imported whole shows from Broadway, an interesting historical turn, considering the theater's current role.

Saved from the ignominy of becoming a garage for state vehicles, the opera house was opened again in June of 1963, after 43 years of dormancy, playing a Jerome Kern–Guy Bolton–P. G. Wodehouse musical called *Oh, Lady! Lady!* Two years later it opened its season with the world premiere of *Man of La Mancha*, which went on to New York and eventually around the world.

In a way, *Man of La Mancha* established a tradition for the Goodspeed. Under the direction in recent years of Michael Price, Goodspeed has become a veritable temple—some would say a museum—of American musical comedy. It plays revivals and it tries out originals. In many cases, both go on to Broadway, notably last year's *Going Up* and this year's *Annie*, the hottest ticket on the strand.

Goodspeed is remaining open this year, date unset, deep into the fall. As for the Gelston House, which has origins dating back to 1826, it remains alive and is open all year around.

Arteries for automobiles having ribboned the routes to the Connecticut River valley and along it, the need for boats and trains has fallen away. A few operate still, or will soon, as mobile museum pieces. A 400-passenger Yankee clipper is being readied to sail from Haddam on daily cruises, upriver and across the Sound, hopefully by next year. From Essex, three different boats cruise the river: the *Dolly Madison* and the *Sunshine* until Labor Day, and the *Silver Star*, operated in conjunction with the Valley Railroad, until November.

A steam train, the Valley Railroad puffs over the 106-year-old track, spewing the sweet smell of coal smoke and giving forth shattering whistles that shake the molars. It costs a dollar extra to ride the parlor car, built in 1927 for the Merchants Limited. Passengers get the plush seats or the wicker chairs, and thus, facing the countryside and sniffing the cinders, they can listen to "Paddlin' Madelin' Home" and "You've Got Me Crying Again," performed by the Pasadena Roof Orchestra, whose muted cornet *wah-wah-wahs* come out of an antique stand-up radio. If you're on your way to Goodspeed to see *Hit the Deck*, the Vincent Youmans smash of 1927, as I was this summer, you are likely to find yourself in a time warp wondering if you should have been proper about all this and brought your boater and walking stick. ◉

Dance *from page 44*

of feet caressing floorboards; but sometimes it has such force that individual floorboards jump like marimba bars struck by a mallet. Speeds range from a beat-by-beat, slow, gentle tap to machine-gun tempo. And De La Cámara, like all genuine flamenco artists, accomplishes the endless intricacies of *taconeo*—heel beats—with the upper body held in arrogant motionlessness while all hell breaks loose below.

Another high point of his program is the ardent, brooding, doom-heavy "Seguiriyas," a flamenco "must," which he performs with his sister Gloria. For variety, there is a bouncy *jota*, but for the rest, it's flamenco all the way. True, the costumes are cut to nightclub, rather than to ethnic, specifications, and the flamenco singer, in addition to his traditional "Cante Hondo" (deep song) sings "The Impossible Dream" (in Spanish) from *Man of La Mancha* (which is about Don Quixote anyway, so why not?), but the speed, spirit, and virtuosity of flamenco is very much present in the performance of Carlos De La Cámara, who has his eye on Broadway while enjoying a smashing success with audiences, both native and visiting, in San Juan.

It was Carola Goya, American-born but a Spanish dance star, who led the way in shaping the dances of Spain into concert form for the American public. Starting in the 1920s, she preceded both La Argentina and Argentinita in building an American following for Spanish-dance recitals. She has often deplored the fact that the American public of today seems to think that flamenco *is* Spanish dance, rather than just a small, but important, part of the incredibly rich heritage of Spanish dance.

Among her later contributions in a career that spans close to 60 years, Miss Goya, whose playing of castanets is almost legendary, has elevated the role of castanets from merely accompanying the Spanish dancer to being played as a center attraction. She has played the castanets as a solo instrument with symphony orchestras, and her selections have included not only music of the Spanish dance but symphonic classics. In Atlantic City, at a national convention of the Dance Masters of America, Miss Goya, who no longer dances, played her castanets for an audience of 1,000 dance teachers and students, most of them mainly concerned with pirouettes, time steps, cartwheels, and jazz rhythms. Miss Goya held them spellbound. They didn't *see* Spanish dance, but they *heard* its voice. It was a brief event, far from Broadway, but it had stature. It had class. ◉

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Light Refractions

A Study in Extremism

by Thomas H. Middleton

I MUST have seen the word *exquisite* before I'd ever heard it pronounced, and like any other normal youngster, I didn't realize that it had more class than the other words beginning in *ex*, such as *exclaim, extinct, Excalibur*, and so on; so I pronounced it ex*quis*ite until my parents caught me at it and straightened me out. "It's *ex*quisite," they said. The first few times that I said *ex*quisite, I did so with a hint of embarrassment—a sort of extended-pinkie complex. But soon it became natural, and I guess I developed a slight sense of superiority over the poor benighted types who said ex*quis*ite.

A few nights ago, at dinner, a good friend of ours remarked that she thought the exquisite set of cups from which we were sipping coffee was "really ex*quis*ite," and she asked me if I didn't agree. The devil tried to make me say, "They're really *ex*quisite," but I didn't succumb. Even the warmest friendships can be wounded by that sort of thing; so I said something about the delicate workmanship.

Later it occurred to me that in letting ex*quis*ite ride, I might have been wise on two counts: the first being that I hadn't run the risk of putting an unnecessary rift between us, and the second being that now, in 1977, ex*quis*ite is just as okay as exquisite. I checked with my dictionaries. Good old *Oxford English Dictionary* says exquisite. *Webster's Second* (circa 1934) surprised me by giving *ex*quisite and then adding that ex*quis*ite is used "occas., esp. by way of emphasis." As I had suspected, *Random House* and *Webster's Third New International* give acceptance to both pronunciations.

This was a trivial episode, but it reminded me of an occasion in the early 1960s. Back then, the John Birch Society was flexing its muscles all over everyone else's civil rights: you could, and probably would, be called a Commie if you wanted to stop the testing of nuclear weapons, and people actually argued bitterly about whether they'd rather be Red or dead.

We attended a forum on "The Dangers of Extremism" in 1961, I think it was; and in at least one respect it proved to be an unforgettable evening. Those being dangerous times, two of the panel members—an Episcopal minister and a Unitarian minister—had had their homes bombed for speaking in favor of peace or the U.N. or something equally subversive.

The panel moderator was a distinguished pillar of the community, and he gave a fairly long introductory talk on the dangers of extremism. For some reason, known only to himself, he pronounced it *extra*mism. He must have said *extra*mism at least a dozen times in the course of his remarks. Then he introduced a tall, gentle young man, the evening's first panelist-speaker, the Episcopal minister.

The task of getting from *extra*mism to ex*treem*ism fell on him. The tension in the audience was palpable. We were exchanging looks, everyone asking wordlessly how this poor minister was going to make it through a 15-minute sermon on extremism after having been introduced as the first speaker on *extra*mism.

It was a remarkable performance. He started by talking of the menace of *extra*mism, and in the course of his talk he went doggedly but delicately, like one climbing a hill on a 10-speed bike, shifting gears gently so as not to slip the chain, from *extra*mism through *extremm*ism into ex*treem*ism. We sat fascinated, watching both the young minister and the moderator, whose face registered puzzlement, then a somewhat bemused comprehension, and then embarrassment as he heard what was happening to his *extra*mism.

When the minister finally reached the summit of his hill and shifted into ex*treem*ism, there was almost a sigh of relief. It was easy going for the rest of the evening. Extremism had finally been brought out into the open. The subsequent speakers settled into extremism, and, in his closing remarks, the moderator himself had come to terms with it. He spoke of extremism as though *extra*mism had never existed.

I wish I could remember that minister's name. His performance was *ex*quisite, or, by way of emphasis, ex*quis*ite. ◉

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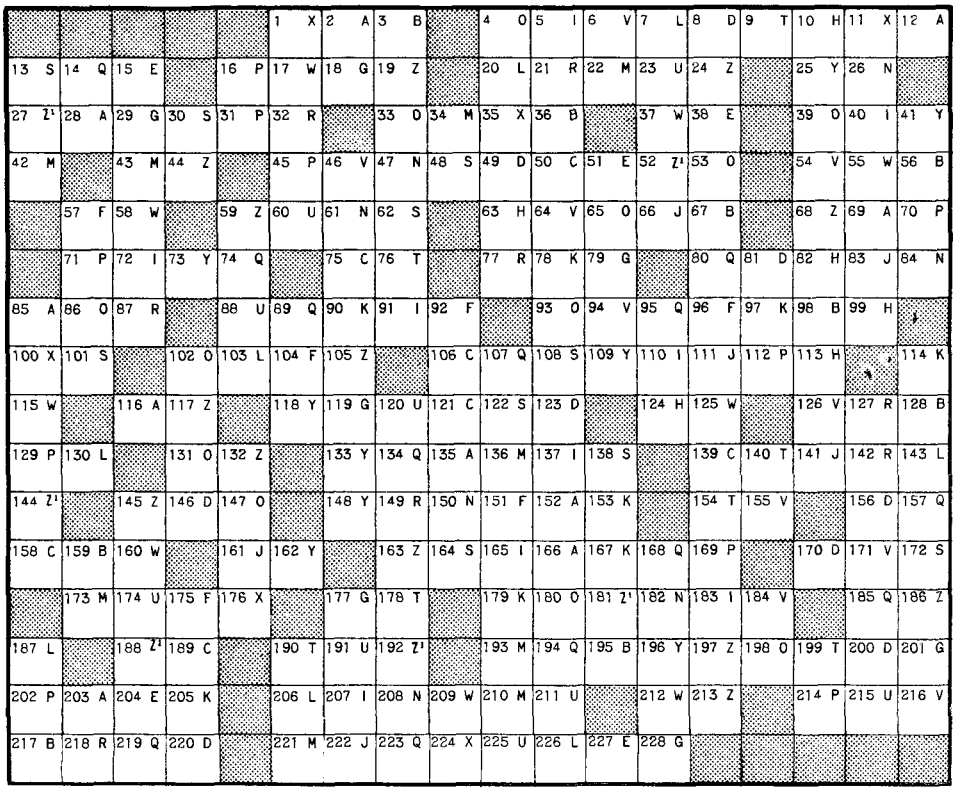

Number 132

Instructions

If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a very few of the WORDS correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle.

Fill in the numbered blanks of all the WORDS you can guess, and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper-right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what WORD a particular square's letter comes.

The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.

The first letter of each WORD, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from WORDS to diagram and from diagram to WORDS, until the diagram is filled in.

CLUES

A. Puffer, *Lagocephalus laevigatus*

B. Hidden securely; snugly settled

C. Corrupt; malevolent

D. Scarlet pimpernel

E. Island in the central Philippines

F. Emperor of Rome, A.D. 98–117

G. Methodical, systematic; aide

H. Hell

I. Rare species of halo, also called countersun

J. Raised, hoisted

K. Forming an obstruction (3 wds.)

L. "With which tail she wriggles/Betwixt _____ of a ship, and sinks it straight" (2 wds.; Jonson, *The Staple of News*)

M. Copiousness, largeness, abundance

N. Settled or stayed

WORDS

12 28 203 135 152 166 69 85 116 2

3 36 67 98 128 159 195 217 56

50 75 106 121 139 158 189

200 220 8 156 49 81 123 146 170

204 227 15 38 51

57 92 104 96 151 175

177 201 228 18 119 29 79

99 124 10 63 82 113

165 183 207 72 91 110 137 5 40

83 111 141 161 222 66

114 153 167 78 97 90 179 205

226 103 130 143 187 206 7 20

22 173 34 136 210 43 193 221 42

150 182 208 26 47 61 84

CLUES

O. Not following from the premises, irrelevant, illogical

P. Rubs, grates on

Q. Brassie (3 wds.)

R. Skinflint

S. Brain

T. "Mince, _____ and mutton" (De la Mare, "Miss T")

U. In such a way as to make something clearly evident; markedly; obviously

V. Middle High German lyric poet of the thirteenth century; Wagnerian opera

W. Swedish author and politician (1844–1916); winner, 1908 Nobel Peace Prize

X. Sounded a wind instrument

Y. By the very nature of the deed (2 Lat. wds.)

Z. In a state of painful anxiety (2 wds.)

Z¹. Punctilio, fine point

WORDS

131 180 4 39 65 93 147 198 33 53 86 102

202 16 70 169 45 112 214 71 31 129

194 134 223 95 168 14 74 185 89 80

107 157 219

21 142 87 127 149 77 218 32

48 108 138 172 62 164 13 30 101 122

9 199 140 178 154 190 76

88 191 174 225 23 60 211 215 120

126 64 6 46 171 54 94 155 184 216

37 17 55 212 209 160 115 58 125

1 11 35 100 224 176

25 133 148 162 109 73 41 118 196

44 197 105 24 132 145 19 213 186 68 117

59 163

52 188 27 144 192 181

Answer to Middleton Double-Crostic No. 131: Roger Angell: Five Seasons
It was strange to be sitting in Yankee Stadium, where I had grown up watching baseball, and no longer feeling at home there. I don't know what to think, because it may be that the money and the size of sport have grown too big for me after all.

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The Night TV Cried Wolf

"Newsmen in a free society must balance the obligation to report the facts against the necessity to excite an audience."

On Thursday, August 11, the self-confessed "Son of Sam" was being held for psychiatric examination in the same Brooklyn hospital where his most recent victim lay, hoping to regain his eyesight. The most extensive manhunt in the history of New York City was over. The terrorization of the public by news organizations was just beginning.

If there were other events to report that day, television viewers would not have known it. Son of Sam was the sole subject of expanded broadcasts on local news programs. Reporters scrapped for bits of information about David Berkowitz's life like famished dogs, breaking and entering the suspect's apartment, hounding (occasionally bribing) anybody who had known Berkowitz for an exclusive interview. The fact that there was not all that much to report—an arrest, an arraignment—did not dissuade the newscasters. It was assumed that the public wanted to hear about Son of Sam, so hear they would, even if the reporters had to conjure up the atmosphere of terror.

An example of a news team more concerned with garnering ratings than gathering news could be seen on New York's WABC-TV. Among the "exclusive special reports" in their two-and-a-half-hour special broadcast was filmed coverage of Berkowitz's preliminary arraignment. As reporter Rose Ann Scamardella took pleasure in informing her viewers, she and her camera crew "managed to get in a back door" of the precinct house, close enough to Berkowitz to notice his "cold, very blue, piercing eyes." During this two-minute segment, which contained no news about Berkowitz, the reporter referred to herself and her own emotional reaction to the situation at least 18 times. After the segment was over, a respectful anchorman asked Scamardella if he had been correct in observing fear in her eyes. Yes, she said, she had been "shaken." She also allowed that she was fatigued after her long working day.

Other segments on the WABC broadcast were similarly self-serving and uninformative. One reporter, interviewing some orderlies at King's County Hospital who were straining to catch a glimpse of Berkowitz, asked: "What's so fascinating about seeing somebody who's been accused of all these killings?" Another reporter interviewed the patrons of one of the innumerable Long Island discotheques that *might* have provided Berkowitz's next target. His searching question—"What do you think would have happened if [Berkowitz had] walked into the disco with a machine gun?"—elicited a searching response: "I don't know. The place would have been a mess."

In their eagerness for copy, reporters from both print and broadcast media exceeded the bounds of propriety in other ways. They tried to coax and goad surviving victims of Son of Sam into vengeful statements. ("What would you do if you had Berkowitz in this room with you now?") They gave column space or air time to a bubbling Mayor Beame, knowing that his principal reason for talking to reporters or being on camera was his campaign for reelection.

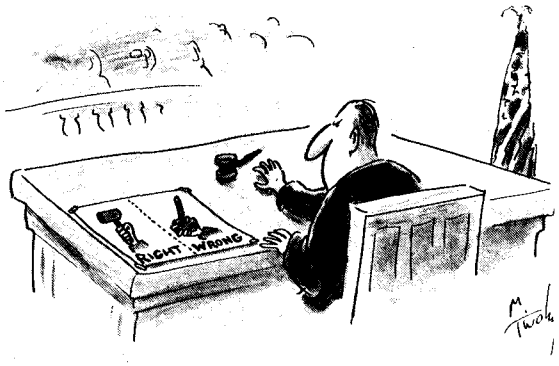
What was disturbing, though, was not so much that the media overplayed the news, but *why* they did. Behind the banner headlines and the tireless boasting about exclusive special elongated broadcasts, one could almost hear the editors gloating: "They can't get enough of Son of Sam. Son of Sam is show biz!"

In many ways this is an old problem: newsmen thrive on disasters, the gorier the better. What has changed is (a) the degree to which the media, particularly television, depend on the Big Story and (b) their consequent determination to play a story Big regardless of whether such attention is justified.

Consider WABC. Possibly lacking sufficient staff time, luck, or imagination to fill the allotted two and a half hours with *news* about the suspect—his motives, his history, et cetera—the newscasters carried on and on about the *thrill* of the case. They broadcast the reactions of dozens of people absolutely unrelated to the case. They interviewed each other about the trials and tribulations of the working journalist. They inflated such non-events as getting their cameras into the precinct house two minutes before the other news crews into "exciting exclusives." They even took it upon themselves to thank "the tireless men and women of the New York Police Department and the people of New York" for their public-spirited behavior during the "crisis." If they had packed their show with information about Berkowitz, as did a rival station in much less air time, one would have had less cause for complaint. But under the pretext of reporting the "news," they provided mostly chills-and-thrills breathlessness and self-congratulations.

Newsmen in a free society must balance the obligation to report the facts against the necessity to excite an audience. When news organizations start opting for hype in the guise of news, they risk the fate of the boy who cried wolf: when a real crisis comes, nobody will take them seriously.

—CARLL TUCKER



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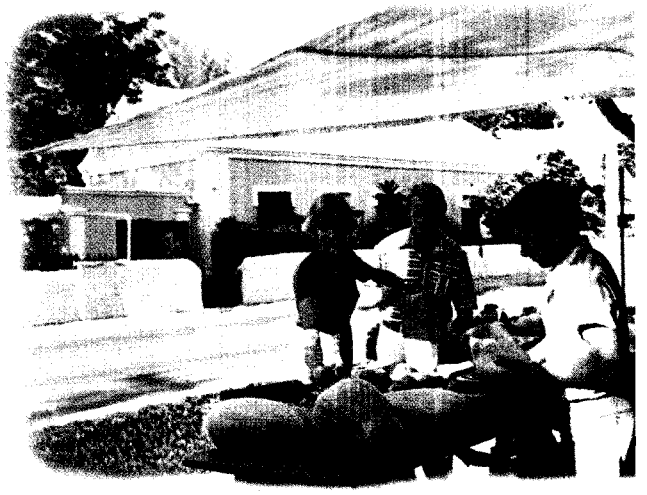
"There's something very special about tennis here. I suppose it's the island that makes it so. The beauty."

Steve and Felicia Lewis comment on their first visit to Bermuda.

"St. George's was fun. We bought some of those beautiful Bermuda onions to take home with us."



"One evening at dusk, we took off our shoes and walked through the sand and watched the ocean from high above the beach. It was magnificent."

Bermuda

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'Enriched Flavor'™ technology matches taste of cigarettes having 60% more tar.

There is a way to pack flavor —incredible flavor—into a cigarette without boosting tar.

That's the report on MERIT and the remarkable break-through called 'Enriched Flavor' tobacco.

Tobacco that for the first time delivers flavor you wouldn't expect in a low tar cigarette.

MERIT and MERIT 100's were packed with this special tobacco. And taste-tested among thousands of smokers like yourself.

If you smoke, you'll be interested.

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LOW TAR-'ENRICHED FLAVOR'

Taste-Test Proof

MERIT and MERIT 100's were tested against a number of higher tar brands. The results proved conclusively that 'Enriched Flavor' tobacco does boost taste without the usual increase in tar.

Overall, smokers reported they liked the taste of both MERIT and MERIT 100's as much as the taste of the higher tar cigarettes tested.

Cigarettes having up to 60% more tar than MERIT.

Only one cigarette has 'Enriched Flavor' tobacco. And you can taste it.

Kings: 8 mg. "tar," 0.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec.'76
100's: 12 mg. "tar," 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

MERIT

Kings & 100's

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